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Selections.

THE END OF SLAVERY AT HAND.

SPEECH OF GERRIT SMITH.

At Peterboro, April 27, 1861.

WE are assembled, my neighbors, not as Republicans, nor Democrats, nor Abolitionists—but as Americans. And we are assembled to say that we are all on the side of the government, and that it must be upheld at whatever expense to friend or foe.

As I am a peace man and have often spoken against war, some persons may think it improper in me to take part in a war meeting. But I have never spoken against putting down traitors. It is true, too, that I am too old to fight; and that I am so ignorant of arms as not to know how to load a gun; and that my horror of bloodshed is so great that, were I a slave, I should probably choose to live and die one rather than kill my master. All this is true. Nevertheless, I may be of some service in the present crisis. I can, along with others, care for the families of my brave and patriotic neighbors, who go forth to peril their lives for their country. Let this be my work. It falls in not with my principles only, but also with my habits of feeling and acting.

The end of American slavery is at hand. That it is to be in blood does not surprise me. For fifteen years I have been constantly predicting that it would be. From my desk in Congress I repeated the prediction; and said that this bloody end "would be such a reckoning for deep and damning wrongs—such an outbursting of smothered and pent-up revenge as living man has never seen." But I had no party, no press, no influence; and I was a Cassandra whose predictions no one would listen to.

Pardon the immodesty of another personal reference. Immediately after the last Presidential election we all saw that the South was hurrying on this bloody end of slavery. The discourse I then delivered, and which was printed in *The Tribune*, says: "It is even probable that the slave States will secede—a part now, and nearly all the remainder soon. This will not be because of the election of Lincoln. That is, at the most, an occasion or pretext for secession. Nor will this be because it has long been resolved on. There is something, but not so much, in that. It will be because their 'iniquity is full,' and the time for their destruction at hand."

Why did I believe that nearly all the slave States would secede? Did I forget that their non-slaveholding whites greatly outnumber the slaveholders? I did not. But I remembered how controlling is the slaveholding power by reason of its concentration and intelligence. It resides in comparatively few hands, and not only are the slaveholders the educated class, but the other whites are almost as illiterate and ignorant as the blacks. It is because of this concentration and intelligence that I have all along feared that scarcely one slave State would remain with us.

Alas, what a sorrow, what a shame, what a sin, that the North did not long ago peaceably abolish the whole system of American slavery by political action! It is now left to her angry and revengeful passions to do what she had not virtue enough to do. Those passions will do it.

Slavery is war—constant as well as most cruel. Hence I call it a war—incessant, infamous, infernal war—which the Northern whites have, in league with the Southern whites, been waging for more than half a century against the blacks of the whole country. This war the whites of the North were willing to have prolonged—aye, and were willing to adopt new measures for prolonging it. But now that slavery has struck at themselves, they are not only disposed to forbear warring upon the blacks, but very soon they will, under greater exasperations, be disposed to make common cause with them against the Southern whites. A few more outrages at the hands of the "plug-ugly" mob which rules miserable Maryland, and our intellectual and eloquent Secretary will no longer think rhetorical twattle to be the very best language in which to answer the silly and impudent propositions of her poor, feeble, vacillating Governor. A few more such outrages will stiffen up our President into the downright refusal to hold any further parley with traitors, or give them any more comforting assurances of the limited services which he intends for his troops. We have strong men to wield the government. Chase is a giant. And we shall soon see that they are as determined as they are strong.

In such times as these we grow fast. Only a fortnight ago *The New York Times* said: "We have nothing to do in this contest with slavery or slaves." Then it would not allow the slave to benefit in the least by the contest. A week after, however, *The Times* was talking of the propriety of "setting free the Southern slaves and arming them against the Southern rebels"! The truly good Democratic meeting held a few days ago in Albany sought to conciliate the traitors by saying that they did "not seek to stir up servile insurrection." But the meeting would not have descended to even this disclaimer, had it been held a few weeks later, and just after some battle in which the traitors had slain hundreds of Northern fathers, brothers, and sons. I said that, in such times, we grow fast. Who has clung so persistently, gallantly, and defiantly to the South as our Daniel S. Dickinson? Indeed, so Southern were his sympathies and attachments, that he was wont to regret that he had not been born there. Nevertheless, even he has been carried by the force of events to the side of the North. And so boundless is the zeal of this young convert that he not only counts on "servile war," but, with a vindictiveness altogether savage, he would "wipe the South from the face of the earth." Often as he had been told by the Abolitionists of the treachery of slaveholders, he never before could believe that they would dare prove so treacherous to the great Northern Democracy. And so he, in common with thousands of prominent Democrats, is in a great rage about it. Even Senator Douglas, though he still prates of his abiding and profound respect for the rights of property in man, and though his children's ownership of a Mississippi plantation places him under bonds for his good behavior toward the South, will ere long break these bonds, and cease from this prating. A few more Southern atrocities, and he, too, will openly curse slavery as the cause of them, and be eager to see it go out in blood. Let the city of Washington be captured, or let some of Jefferson Davis's pirate ships capture some of our merchantmen, and the North will then lose no time in arming the slaves. She will do it, if her government will not. The British armed savages against the Americans, and the Americans armed them against the Britons. And, unless the South shall immediately cease from her rebellion, the North will arm her slaves against her. As sure as human nature is human nature, she will do it. Saddening as is the prospect, it will, nevertheless, be realized. When men get enraged against their fellow-men, they will avail themselves of whatever help is within their reach. Especially true is this of Southern men. They go so far as to set dogs on men—aye, even the most ferocious and devouring dogs.

I have spoken of the capture of Washington as a possibility. So difficult of defence is that city in several points of view, that a few weeks ago (not so now), I could almost have consented to the government's withdrawing from it and going to Philadelphia or New York. An unsuitable place is it for the Capital; and I felt compelled to say so on the floor of Congress. In no event will it be there a long time. Soon after the Pacific Railroad is built and the Pacific States thereby permanently attached to us, the Capital will, if the nation shall be then undivided, be transferred to the West, probably to St. Louis. Should Washington then become a seat of science, and the great American University be there, her costly buildings will be put to what will probably be their best possible use.

To return from this digression—the approaching Congress will, of course, hasten to repeal the Fugitive Slave act. Now that slavery has broken up our nation, and made war upon us, that act cannot be left unrepealed. Is it said that the Constitution calls for a Fugitive Slave act? It calls for a Fugitive Servant act—but not even that at the hands of Congress. It is due from the States only. What, however, if it did call for a Fugitive Slave act? and that, too, at the hands of Congress? Surely, we are under no constitutional obligations to those who are trampling on the Constitution and breaking away from the nation.

The repeal of the Fugitive Slave act would correspond with even the present state of the public mind. THE FIRST GUN FIRED AT FORT SUMTER ANNOUNCED THE FACT THAT THE LAST FUGITIVE SLAVE HAD BEEN RETURNED.

Let us thank God that anything has occurred to save Congress from repeating its foolish and guilty talk about compromises and the reconstruction of the government. There would have been nothing of this at the last session had not Congress been blind to the fact that the day of the destruction of slavery had come, and that the Gulf States were therefore too infatuated to listen to any propositions of compromise and reconstruction. Those States had long before decided that the slave States, in order to save their slavery, must insulate themselves, build up a despotism all their own, and surround themselves with a wall so thick as to be impervious, and so high as to be insurmountable, to the world's growing anti-slavery sentiment. Congress now sees this, and it also sees that the border slave States were holding in their treason only against the time when it might burst forth with the most deadly effect against the nation. What folly it was for Congress and the Peace Convention to hope for anything from the border slave States!

And what if, when Congress shall come together in this extra session, the slave States shall all have ceased from their treason, and shall all ask that they may be suffered to go from us? Shall Congress let them go? Certainly. But only, however, on the condition that those States shall first abolish slavery. Congress has clearly no constitutional right to let them go on any conditions. But I believe that the people would approve the proceeding, and would be ready to confirm it in the most formal and sufficient manner. A few weeks ago, I would have consented to let the slave States go without requiring the abolition of slavery. I would, looking to the interests of both the bond and free, have preferred this to an attempt to abolish it in blood. Nevertheless I would have had the North sternly refuse to establish diplomatic relations with them, or even so much as recognize their nationality so long as they continued their horrible oppression. Less than this it could not have insisted on. But now, since the Southern tiger has smeared himself with our blood, we will not, if we get him in our power, let him go until we have drawn his teeth and his claws. In other words, when the South shall lie conquered before us, we will inexorably condition peace on her surrender of slavery. The government will not consent, and if it will the people will not, to allow it any longer existence.

It is quite enough that slavery has in time past corrupted and disgraced us, and imposed its heavy taxes upon our industry. It is quite enough that it has within the last year lynched, tarred and feathered, or hung hundreds of our innocent people. It is quite enough that it has now involved us in a war by which we shall lose hundreds of millions of dollars, and an incomputable wealth of lives. If we suffer it to live, it may return to torment us. Let no Northern man henceforth propose, for any reasons whatever, the sparing of slavery. Such nonsense, such insult, such contempt of her interests, and rights, and honor, the North will stand no longer. A traitor to her will she regard every man who shall be guilty of it. Thank God! the spirit of the North is at last aroused at this point. She is determined to kill slavery, and she will be patient with no man who shall thrust himself between her and her victim. The sword she has drawn to defend herself against the sword of slavery will never be sheathed until she has annihilated the one cause of her calamities. If, after all she has suffered and is now suffering from slavery, she shall still be so spiritless, and servile, and compromising as still to let it live, then is she herself unworthy to live. The world would be infinitely better without than with her.

It will not, however, be strange, should this war continue so long, if the slave States shall themselves ask Congress, at the approaching session, to exercise its war-power in abolishing the whole system of American slavery. They may be driven to ask this as the only escape from the servile insurrections which shall then be upon them. That the North will yet, and speedily too, have to save the South from her own slaves, I have no doubt. Would that the President's anti-slavery training had been so thorough that he could now see slavery to be the preëminent piracy, and therefore the preëminent outlaw! Would that he could now see it to have but just one right—the right of the wolf caught in the sheep-fold—the right to be killed. Then would he not delay to set all the slaves free by proclamation.

But it may be said that although we should require the slave States to abolish slavery, yet, if we should let them set up an independent nation, they would reëstablish slavery. Have no fear of that. They would not be disposed to do it. All their interests, as well as their recent horrors, would forbid it. The cotton manufacturers of Europe will no longer rely on our country for cotton. This mad outbreak of the South makes it indispensable for them to discontinue this precarious and odious dependence as soon as possible. In a very few years they will be abundantly supplied from other sources, where labor is much cheaper than is slave labor, and where nature is much more favorable than in any part of our own land to the growth of cotton. Indeed, it is not probable that either cotton or cane-sugar will, after a little time, be produced extensively in our country—so much better adapted to both are other regions. But for the high tariff protection it has enjoyed, very little cane-sugar would ever have been produced in it. I scarcely need add that slavery will be of short duration in the border slave States after there shall be no further call on them to breed slaves for the Gulf States.

Again, slavery in Christendom has outlived its day. Its prolonged existence in it has for many years been an exceedingly forced one. It is dying out of it very rapidly. The dark thing cannot live in the strong light of this age. The foolish thing is shamed by the wisdom of this age. The wicked thing is condemned by the better ethics which are coming to prevail in this age. In our time, one nation after another has come forth against slavery. Few of the nations of Christendom are any longer in guilty connection with it. Russia has just declared the liberty of her twenty millions of slaves; and America must now give up her four millions. The organizing of a nation at such a time as this, on the basis of slavery, is an unendurable defiance of the moral sense of the civilized world. I do not deny that American slavery, if now suffered to live, might live many years. But if killed now, it will never live again.

I rejoice to see the North so united against this Southern rebellion. But to make the union more perfect and cordial and effective, by bringing into it with their whole heart all the wisest and best, the men of prayer and the women of prayer, and by bringing into it the great God, the North must clear herself of all guilty relations to slavery. IT IS NOT ENOUGH THAT WE HAVE A SOUTH WICKED ENOUGH TO GO AGAINST. WE MUST HAVE A NORTH RIGHTEOUS ENOUGH TO GO FOR. A slave-catching North is no better, but is immeasurably worse than a slave-owning South. The North cannot at the same time go against and for slavery.

A word in respect to the armed men who go South. They should go more in sorrow than in anger. The sad necessity should be their only excuse for going. They must still love the South. We must all still love her. Conquer her, and most completely too, we must, both for her sake and our own. But does it not ill become us to talk of punishing her? Slavery, which has so infatuated her, is the crime of the North as well as of the South. As her chiefs shall one after another fall into our hands, let us be restrained from dealing revengefully, and moved to deal tenderly with them, by our remembrance of the large share which the North has had in blinding them. The conspiracy of Northern merchants and manufacturers, Northern publishers, priests and politicians against the slave-holders, carried on under the guise of friendship, has been mighty to benumb their conscience and darken their understanding in regard to slavery. When slavery shall have been swept away from our whole land, the North and South will come together, and mingle tears of repentance over their joint sin of upholding the matchlessly cruel and bloody system. And then, our nation, which has so deeply disgraced the cause of freedom by being herself deeply disgraced by slavery, will be the pattern for all nations and the glory of all lands. Despots will draw from this war arguments against democratic government. But not justly. It furnishes arguments not against democratic but against despotic government. The slave States were never democratic save in name. They have always been despotic, because always slave States; and therefore is it that they are now making war upon democracy. These despotisms should be construed into a reproach upon our free government no more than the polygamy of Utah into a reproach upon our Christianity. It is as unfair and absurd to look to South Carolina or Virginia for a specimen of the workings of free government, as to the Mormons for that of Christianity. Would the despots of the Old World learn the character of real democracy, let them look at such a State as Massachusetts or Vermont. Would they learn its power, the promptness with which we shall put down this war, which their brother despots are making upon us, will teach it to them.

Ere taking my seat, let me say that I cordially approve the attitude which the Administration has now taken toward the traitors. Its patience and moderation with them, while as yet patience and moderation were called for, were praiseworthy to the last degree. I had begun to fear that the exercise of these virtues was continued beyond their proper period. The energy and resoluteness which have succeeded them promise to make the war a very short one. It will not survive the summer months. How can it? The cause of the traitors is as bad as it can be. Then they have a dreadful enemy at their very doors, blacker than the Black Republicans, whom they so much abhor, dread and reproach; yes, blacker than the blackest Republicans. Then, too, their little money will soon be all spent. Moreover, they have no credit with any of the world-bankers; and they are destitute of the sympathy of every court on earth, unless it may possibly be that of the king of Dahomey. Our cause, on the contrary, is just. It is backed by hundreds of millions of specie; by boundless credit with all the nations of christendom, and by their boundless sympathy also. It is backed, too, by the whole North—by its twenty millions of people—yes, by all of them.

If the Democrats and Bell-Everett men went further than did the Republicans to pacify and please the South, nevertheless the Republicans will not go further than will the Democrats and Bell-Everett men to save the country. Never did men make a greater or more fatal mistake in their reckoning than did these Southern traitors when they flattered themselves that the Northern Democrats and Bell-Everett men would still stand with them after the contest had come to blows. After the firing at Fort Sumter, there were no Republicans, nor Democrats nor Bell-Everett men left among us. That firing turned them all into Americans. The next firing, be it at one of our forts, or towns, or armies, will turn them all into anti-slavery men. And then, about the third or fourth firing at us, will turn them all into radical, uncompromising, slave-arming, slave-freeing Abolitionists. A few months longer, my countrymen, and we shall all sing and shout together:

"Jehovah has triumphed! His people are free!"

THE WAR—ITS CAUSE AND CURE.

BY WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

EIGHTY-FIVE years ago, the war-cry of "INDEPENDENCE" rang throughout all the American Colonies, and a united people took up arms to sunder their connection forever with the mother country. The latter had been guilty of a long series of aggressions and usurpations toward the former, indicating "a design to reduce them under absolute bondage," and had haughtily disregarded all appeals to her sense of justice. As between the parties, they were in the right, and she flagrantly in the wrong. On the 4th of July, 1776, in justification of their course, they published their world-famous Declaration of Independence, in which they held "these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." At that time, they held in the galling chains of chattel servitude half a million of slaves! By the standard which they had erected, and by the eternal law of justice, their first duty obviously was to "proclaim liberty throughout all the land to all the inhabitants thereof." Instead of doing this, they went through their seven years' struggle, mingling the clanking of fetters, and the crack of the slave whip, and the groans of their imbruted victims with their cries for liberty and their shouts of victory! It was a revolting spectacle, and a horrible paradox, admitting of no justification, or even apology. When their independence was achieved, and it became necessary for them to crystallize their several powers into one general government, instead of abolishing what Mr. Madison justly characterized as "the most oppressive dominion ever exercised by man over man," they proceeded to make that oppression organic, by granting to it certain constitutional guaranties, whereby it should derive nourishment, defence and security from the whole body politic. This was the result of a compromise, in order to make the Union complete and enduring. There was, indeed, to some extent, a sense of shame, a struggle of conscience, and a geographical division, on this subject, in the Convention which framed the Constitution. "The States," says Mr. Madison, "were divided into different interests, not by their difference of size, but principally from the effects of their having or not having slaves. It did not lie between the large and small States, but between the Northern and Southern." Rufus King confirms this statement. "The Southern States," said Mr. Mason, "have this peculiar species of property over and above the other species of property common to all the States," and they demanded and obtained special consideration for it: 1. Securing, for the benefit of its owners, a representation of three-fifths of slave property, in Congress—thus constituting a slave aristocracy in that body from the beginning. 2. Tolerating and protecting the foreign slave trade for a period of twenty years; Roger Sherman, of Connecticut (whose virtue in the Convention was extremely facile), saying, "It was better to let the Southern States import slaves than to part with them, if they made that a *sine qua non*." 3. Providing for the hunting and recapture of fugitive slaves in every State in the Union. "This clause," said Mr. Madison in the Virginia Convention—referring to the clause, "No person held to service or labor," etc.—"*was expressly inserted to enable owners of slaves to reclaim them*"; and under it they have been reclaimed ever since, in every part of the country. 4. Providing for the suppression of domestic insurrection—including, of course, that of the slave population.

Having thus violated its own Heaven-attested principles, and given its connivance, if not its full sanction, to a form of despotism, in comparison with which that of the mother country was not cognizable, the nation commenced its guilty career vainly imagining that all danger was past, that its own oppression would go unwhipt of justice, and that the Union would endure forever. It continued to increase in population, in material prosperity, in military and naval power, in the arts and sciences, in general education, and in geographical extension, until twenty-one new States were added to the original thirteen, and its rank among the nations was of the first class; until it almost seemed, indeed, as if to make "a covenant with death and an agreement with hell" were the safest and surest way to greatness, for a just God had ceased to reign over the earth, and no law of retribution remained to be enforced! But the illusion is over—the foundation gives way—a tempest of divine fury sweeps over the land—and the horrors of civil war are upon us! "The pride of thy heart hath deceived thee, saith the Lord God; though thou exalt thyself as the EAGLE, and though thou set thy nest among the STARS, thence will I bring thee down." Why? Hearken!—"For thy violence against thy brother Jacob, shame shall cover thee. Thou shouldest not have stood in the cross-way, to cut off those of his that did escape; neither shouldest thou have delivered up those of his that did remain in the day of distress." Therefore it is that "the Lord hath a controversy with the inhabitants of the land, because there is no truth, nor mercy, nor knowledge of God in the land; by swearing, and lying, and killing, and stealing, and committing adultery, they break out, and blood toucheth blood; therefore, shall the land mourn." Indeed, nothing could more truthfully depict the cause of our present national visitation than the words of the prophet: "Thus saith the Lord, Ye have not hearkened unto me, in proclaiming liberty, every one to his brother, and every man to his neighbor; behold, I proclaim a liberty for you, saith the Lord, to the sword, to the pestilence, and to the famine."

The sword is come, and pestilence and famine will in due time follow in its train. The conflict threatens to be more sanguinary and bloody, and on a more stupendous scale, than has yet been witnessed in any nation. What forces are mustering for the death-grapple between the North and the South!

"And there is rushing in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Go pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder, peal on peal afar—
And, near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused the soldier ere the morning star;
While throng the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering with white lips—'The foe! they come! they come!'"

This is the settlement-day of Almighty God for two centuries of traffic in "slaves and the souls of men"! By slavery the whole land has been defiled; and by slaveholders, in their mad idolatry of that foul system, is civil war precipitated upon the land! In self-defence, those who have hitherto been their accomplices at the North are compelled to meet them in battle array, each party hot to exterminate the other! Slavery abolished, and how instantaneously would the flames of war be extinguished, the source of all our national troubles dried up, reconciliation everywhere effected, and a true and majestic Union organized, reaching from the Lakes to the Gulf, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, blending together men of all races and climes in one common brotherhood! What imagination can depict the peace, prosperity, strength, unity, and moral and religious development, that would now distinguish the nation, if on the 4th of July, 1776, or at the formation of the Federal Constitution, slavery had been utterly abolished! Long ere this, the effect of our truly democratic example would have been irresistible in bringing every despotic throne to the dust, and giving freedom to a groaning world. Alas! that, by our shameful inconsistency, we have made democracy a bye-word and a hissing even in the most despotic countries!

What shall be said, then, of those who insist upon ignoring the question of slavery as not involved in this deadly feud, and maintain that the only issue is, the support of the government and the preservation of the Union? Surely, they are "fools and blind"; for it is slaveholders alone who have conspired to seize the one, and overturn the other. As long as the enslavement of a single human being is sanctioned in the land, the curse of God will rest upon it. That it may go well with us, let us break every yoke!

It alters nothing to say, that the South is guilty of unparalleled perfidy and treason. Granted! But why overlook *the cause of all this?* That cause is SLAVERY! If that be not removed, how is it possible to escape the consequences? Suppose we succeed in "conquering a peace," leaving things as they were; in due time, a still more fearful volcanic explosion will follow.

As between the North and the South, the conflict cannot long be doubtful; for, in point of numbers, resources, energy, courage, and valor, the latter can bear no comparison with the former. But, after the subjugation of the South, what then? Will that bring reconciliation? Is the old "covenant with death" to be renewed, and the "agreement with hell" to stand as hitherto? Is a slave representation still to be allowed on the floor of Congress? Are fugitive slaves still to be hunted as freely in the old Bay State as in Carolina? Are slave insurrections still to be quelled by the strong arm of the general government, if required? Are the "stars and stripes" still to represent fifteen slave as well as nineteen free States, and still to wave over four millions of crouching, marketable human chattels? Is lynch law still to be administered to all Northern men at the South who prefer freedom to slavery? Is freedom of speech still to be mobbed afresh, and the moral agitation for the overthrow of slavery again branded as fanaticism, and forcibly suppressed if possible? If so, then better that the flag be forever furled! If so, then accursed be such a political structure, from foundation to top-stone! If so, then hundreds of millions of dollars will have been spent, and rivers of blood shed, to none other than an evil purpose!

It is true, Mr. Stephen A. Douglas says, in a recent speech delivered at Columbus, Ohio—"The issue is not the negro; this question is above all the negroes in christendom; it involves the freedom and independence of the ten millions, soon to be a hundred millions, of free white men in this valley." Other prominent men have uttered the same heartless and absurd declaration. As rationally might Pharaoh and the Egyptians have averred, while tormented with the lice, blains, murrain, and other judgments sent upon them for their cruel oppression of the children of Israel, "The issue is *not the Jew*"! It *was* the Jew then, and it *is* the negro now—involving in his enslavement the most tremendous consequences to his enslavers, and a direful visitation to the whole country. "For the oppression of the poor, for the sighing of the needy, now will I arise, saith the Lord; I will set him in safety from him that puffeth at him." Ours should be the penitent confession of the brethren of Joseph: "We are verily guilty concerning our brother, in that we saw the anguish of his soul, when he besought us, *and we would not hear;* THEREFORE IS THIS DISTRESS COME UPON US."

Now, we solemnly maintain, that it is the most deplorable infatuation to aim to restore the old order of things. No blessing can attend it. God has frowned upon it, and, *through judgment, provided a way of escape*. Nothing is more clear than that an "irrepressible conflict" between slavery and freedom must continue. It is useless to deny that the Union is dissolved, and every slave State virtually in rebellion against the government. Let there be no more compromise. In humbling the Southern conspirators, let the government, UNDER THE WAR POWER, either *proclaim emancipation to all in bondage*, or else take measures for *a final and complete separation between the free and slave States*. Unquestionably, the former course would be justified by the exigencies of the country, and be the readiest way to bring the war to a close, and the traitors to terms. It would also be the greatest boon that could possibly be bestowed upon the South. But if this measure be deemed questionable, then for a free, independent Northern republic, leaving the South to her fate!

Out of the slave system comes this terrible civil war, with whatever ghastly horrors may follow in its train. So Divine Justice has ordered it, that both North and South may be scourged for their transcendent iniquity in tolerating such a system in the land. Is it not so, Mr. Edward Everett, Mr. Millard Fillmore, Mr. Franklin Pierce, Mr. Stephen Arnold Douglas—Democrats and Republicans all? Say, are they freemen or slaveholders who have perfidiously captured forts, arsenals, magazines, mints, revenue cutters, steamships and custom houses, and are now plotting the seizure of the Capital? Men of the North! is it not your mission, in this campaign, to make it possible for a free government and a glorious Union to exist, *by decreeing the extinction of slavery as utterly antagonistical to both?* No class of human beings living have such claims upon your sympathy justice and benevolent intervention, as the slaves of the South. No cause is so sacred as theirs. In Heaven's name, do nothing to keep them longer in their chains! Do everything rightfully in your power those chains to sunder!

If this war shall put an end to that execrable system, it will be more glorious in history than that of the Revolution. If it shall leave it unscathed, and in full operation—even though Southern treason may for a time be "crushed out"—there will be nothing to look for but heavier judgments and an irrevocable doom! "For the sword of the Lord shall devour from the one end of the land to the other: no flesh shall have peace. . . . O house of David, thus saith the Lord, Execute judgment in the morning, and deliver him that is spoiled out of the hand of the oppressor, lest my fury go out like fire, and burn that none can quench it, BECAUSE OF THE EVIL OF YOUR DOINGS. . . Undo the heavy burdens, break every yoke, and let the oppressed go free; then shalt thou be like a watered garden, and like a fountain whose waters fail not; and they that shall be of thee shall build the old waste places; thou shalt be called, THE REPAIRER OF THE BREACH, THE RESTORER OF PATHS TO DWELL IN."—*Liberator.*

DR. CHEEVER.—We are glad to notice in the London *Eastern Times*, the following remark:

"One thing is clear, Dr. Cheever will be aided in his monetary pressure. It is to be hoped that in this he will be effectively relieved from future fear. But is this all that can be done?"

A great change has taken place in this country since Dr. Cheever took his leave for Europe. Then, Union Square, with the exception of the pulpit of the Church of the Puritans, knew not the notes of Freedom's trumpet—naught but the praises of slavery and our Southern traitors was heard there; but on Saturday, the 20th of April, 1861, that Square was packed with a hundred thousand men to listen to Dr. Bethune, D. S. Dickinson, and others who had been equally active in defending slavery in the pulpit and Halls of Congress, repenting, in effect at least, the very sentiments of Dr. Cheever. No men in the anti-slavery ranks ever anathematized the South more severely than do these men who, only a few weeks ago, defended it. Thank the Lord, the blind see. Blessed miracle.—*American Baptist.*

THE OLD SERPENT NOT DEAD YET.

From The American Baptist.

LAST week the colored people of this city announced that they would meet at the Assembly Rooms in Prince street, for the purpose of forming a regiment, and tendering their services to the government during the present war. When they arrived at the hall, however, they found a police officer at the door, who informed them that Superintendent Kennedy sympathized with their movement, but could not allow them to open the house, lest it "might lead to some unpleasantness in New York, as well as exasperate the South." So their patriotism had to find vent in little groups at the corners of the streets.

"Might lead to unpleasantness in New York!" What unpleasantness could the formation of a colored regiment produce? Did they not (colored men) fight in the battles of this country in other wars? Has it not been the boast of Southern leaders that their slaves would help fight their battles? If their negroes may battle to spread slavery, surely we may allow ours to fight for liberty. There was not, however, the slightest reason to apprehend any detriment to them or ourselves; but on the contrary, more favor would be shown them now than at any former period, and we may need all the help we can call to our aid in this bloody arbitrament. We hope our colored people will bear themselves with manly dignity under the changing scenes in which Providence may show that their jubilee has come, but we do not think it worth while to insult their loyalty by refusing to let them serve their country with their blood and treasure whenever it may be needed. The inveterate dislike to the colored people, which for years has controlled our sympathies and religions, does not die easily. The demons, we are informed, throw their victims down, and tear them, before they leave them.

But the remarkable part of this logic is in the next clause—"*Exasperate the South*"! For a week we had been in a state of actual war. The South for months had been acting under their own government, had commenced hostilities against the government by seizing its unprotected forts, arsenals, mints, moneys and vessels; had been making every preparation for a war of aggression; had bombarded Fort Sumter, and threatened to take the national capital at the earliest possibility. But all this does not create any exasperation, and we must not do anything to exasperate the South! What a beautiful sentence. True, the President has proclaimed the seceded States in rebellion, and has called for troops to retake the stolen forts, and defend what has not been stolen. But what of that? It is all no evidence that the South is exasperated; but if these negroes should be allowed to form a regiment, the South would perhaps become exasperated. How could Mr. Kennedy think that a people who had borne so much could not bear this? Alas! alas! when will this nation arise from her knees, and cease to implore the commiseration of these petty tyrants? Has it come to this, that we must ask our enemies who shall go into our army and navy; and what kind of weapons we may use, new or old; and where we may march, whether we may go into a State of theirs, or keep on our own ground; whether we may fire upon an assaulting mob, or must patiently stand until they are done killing us; and, of course, whether we may wage a war of aggression, or simply of defence? Our next question should be, "Am not I thine ass, upon which thou hast ridden ever since I was thine unto this day? Was I ever wont do so unto thee?" Is this the time, are these the circumstances to justify such puerility and imbecility? When our foes have been robbing our arsenals and treasuries, fortifying their own positions, and marching every day towards our capital; when our people at the North are a perfect unit on the subject as they never were on any other question; when party lines are forgotten, and men who have always defended the South and her institutions are vieing with their former opponents in sustaining the government, and lavishing their gold, and offering their sons and themselves to fight the common foe, is this the time to stop and ask the South what we shall do to please them? Who could suppose there was a man in the nation so insane? And yet this is the course of Superintendent Kennedy, perhaps assisted by Mayor Wood, and certainly copied by the national government. Nay, instead of such idiocy, we should boldly announce that our object is to reduce to subjection to our laws every rebel, and for this purpose we should march a half a million of men upon them, beginning at Baltimore. We are disgraced by our pusillanimity in trampling our friends and caressing our foes. We must not consult our foes, but our friends.

WHAT THEN?

From The Evening Post.

"WHEN the rebellion is put down, what then?" asks a correspondent. It is a question which is probably engaging the attention of every thoughtful mind in the country; and we believe it is not too early to consider it.

In the first place, we must never forget that this is a war to defend the Union and the sacred cause of liberty and constitutional government against the desperate assaults of a band of thoroughly organized rebels, who took care to win half the battle from us by the most stupendous treason the world ever saw.

It is not a war of North against South, but a war of thirty millions of freemen against three hundred thousand mutinous slaveholders. The Montgomery traitors have conspired, not against the liberties of the North, but against the liberties of the nation; and the war of liberation on which we have entered against them is to free not only ourselves of the free States, but even more, our long oppressed brethren, the seven millions of non-slaveholding whites of the slave States—those seven millions whom three hundred thousand rebellious aristocrats contemptuously call "poor white trash," and value less than their own slaves.

It is in no selfish or sectional spirit that the freemen of the North are giving battle to the confederate mutineers. It is not to repel invasion, but to put down treason, that we stand in arms. Two centuries ago God gave to our people the glorious task to proclaim liberty throughout this continent, and in this year we prove ourselves once more faithful to the trust.

But when we have put down those who seek to substitute a military despotism for the Constitution of our fathers—when we have conquered the treason which is now striving to ruin our commerce and strangle our liberties, then we should be less than sensible men if we did not also put down forever that which has alone supported and strengthened the mutinous aristocrats.

It is impossible not to see that human slavery is the canker-worm which has, for so many years, gnawed at the heart of our republic. The slave-owner is an aristocrat by the very nature of his life. Even if slavery were *right*, it is impossible that slave-holders could exist peaceably in a republic, founded as ours is, upon the will and votes, the industry and intelligence of *the people*. Slavery debases labor, and our slave-owners can find no terms strong enough to express their hatred and contempt for the free laborers of the nation—the "mud-sills of society," as they call them. Democracy maintains the rights and interests of all. But a slave aristocracy must pit its interests against those of the people—it must rule—and when the people outvote it, it rebels.

We should be fatally in error, therefore, as a nation, if we did not make an end of this thing, which alone has shackled our progress, and which now has caused the desperate attempt to overthrow the government and the Union. Our merchants are giving millions for the defence of the Union. Our farmers and mechanics are going by thousands to fight its battles. Treason has stopped our commerce when it never was so prosperous. It has embarrassed our agriculture when it had never so wide a field. The two hundred millions which we shall spend to put down the Montgomery rebellion is a trifle compared with the much larger sum which the nation loses by the stoppage of its industry and trade.

And as a nation we have the right to secure ourselves and our posterity forever against the repetition of such losses. Our commerce would be paralysed with such risks hanging over it. Our industry would struggle in vain against this fatal clog. As a people living by honest industry and legitimate commerce, we cannot afford to let them destroy the Union. We cannot afford to establish a foreign nation and a tyrannous government on one half of this continent. We cannot afford to embarrass our commerce, to give free course to filibusterism, to make causeless mutiny righteous, and treason honorable.

"The Union, now and forever," is the watchword under which we fight; and as a nation the most intelligent, the most enterprising, the most prosperous the world ever saw, we have the right to do all that safety demands and justice permits to preserve our liberties unimpaired for the generations who shall come after us.

"Self-preservation is the first law of nature," with nations as with individuals. We have been forced into a war to defend the best form of government the world ever saw. We shall be wise enough not to waste our millions in merely putting off an evil day. We shall be just enough to make no loyal citizen, North or South, suffer by any necessary act of the nation. Let traitors look out for themselves.

THE REBEL COMMISSIONERS ABROAD.

A LETTER from Paris gives an account of an interview between Mr. Faulkner, our Minister at Paris, and M. Thouvenel, French Minister of Foreign Affairs, on the subject of the recognition of Davis's government. Mr. Faulkner officially presented President Lincoln's Inaugural Address, and explained the policy of his government, as far as decided upon. As he was soon to be superseded in office, he was not inclined to take any immediate responsibility. He said:

"This is the last time, most probably, I shall have the honor of communicating officially with your Excellency on this or any other subject, as I leave for my home in a short time, and I wish now to protest most energetically, in the name of my government, against any recognition of the new American Confederacy, until, at least, my successor, a gentleman of great ability and of high personal worth, and who will naturally come fully prepared to present to you the views of the government of Washington, shall have arrived."

After some questions as to the opinions of members of the American cabinet on secession, M. Thouvenel said:

"That the government of the United States need not have any apprehension of a speedy recognition of the Southern Confederacy by the government of France. It was not the habit of the French government to act hastily in questions of so delicate a nature. He pointed out the case of Italy, where, apparently, there could be no special objection to the recognition, and yet, from prudential motives, the recognition was withheld. The French government, added M. Thouvenel, sees the present dissension in America with pain, and not only would desire to see the broken elements reunited, but would never step in by any act whatever to widen the division or add fuel to the flames."

We have heretofore stated that Davis's Commissioners had been officially presented to M. Thouvenel, but the amount of aid and comfort so far received from France seems to be very insignificant.

A despatch from Washington asserts that Mr. Dallas, our Minister to London, refused to present the Commissioners to the British government until he had received advices or instructions in regard to the matter from the home government.—*Tribune.*

[Dr. Cheever, in a letter to *The Independent*, writes as follows:]

At present I will only add that the news that the Commissioners from the Southern slaveholding confederacy are on their way to this country, excites great speculation as to what will be the action of the British government. It seems to be generally thought that no reception or recognition at any rate will be given until the relations of the South are settled with the North. There is a strong and deepening conviction that the British nation ought to refuse any treaty whatever with a community whose open and avowed object in declaring their national independence, and forming themselves into a separate nation, is solely that they may prosecute more securely and perpetually, and without rebuke, the infamous traffic in human beings as merchandise; a slave-buying, slave-breeding, slave-selling nation, existing only for the extension, security, and perpetuity of that wickedness! If the British government do enter into a treaty of recognition and amity with a nation known to make slave-breeding and slave-trading the central law of its national policy, the vital organic element of its existence and prosperity, it will be an act of treachery to the anti-slavery professions and practice of the kingdom, and a covenant of complicity with the great sin. May God in mercy interpose to prevent the possibility of the ratification of such a [illegible]

THE REAL QUESTION.

[Extracts from a Sermon by Rev. M. D. CONWAY.]

WHAT, then, is the issue in the contest? It is not whether we shall remain a united people or not. We all know that to be impossible. It is whether slavery or freedom shall have eminent domain in America. It is whether Mr. Davis shall sit in the White House and dictate terms of capitulation to the free States. It is whether the people of America shall govern themselves, electing their own President, or whether a dozen politicians in Montgomery shall force their President upon them with the bayonet. For, after having shamefully conceded to slavery for years all that was needed to fatten it to its present formidable proportions, the country begins now to realize the proverb that "Man never fastens a chain around his brother's neck but God is sure to fasten the other end of it about his own." So long as it was only the African, we could all join in enslaving him; then, when we ourselves wish to move, we find that our Hail Columbia has changed to Columbiad Hail! In this whole contest the slavery question was the mere touchstone of the civil liberty of 19,000,000 of whites, on whom about one-third the number in the South proposed to put moral, mental and political handcuffs. We are very stupid in not having found out slavery yet. It is a very old defendant against liberty; ten thousand trials they have had before the tribunals of justice and reason, and slavery was always beaten; and then it always, and by simple instinct, took to arms—to its own dear gunpowder argument and Bowie knife logic.

And here I must say something that I much dislike to say. All but seven years of my life were spent in the midst of slavery; and the seven years out of the South has convinced me that only a very, very few natives of the North really know the nature of the foe that is now at their doors. That foe is utter barbarism. You know very well that were the North to conquer a Southern city, not a drop of unnecessary blood would be spilled. There is no hatred of Southern people in the hearts of the Northern men, but rather such tenderness as would be exercised toward sick or delirious persons. But, in my opinion, at least, two-thirds of the Southern people really and actually *hate* the Northern people. It was a long time before I could overcome the detestation toward them which I naturally imbibed from those around me. And it is my deliberate conviction that a conquest of the North by the South would be the deadliest and bloodiest page in history.

This hatred toward Northern people may seem strange and incredible to you, because you can see no reason for it. Yet you know very well the nature of the institution at the basis of their society. It is *wrong*. And over every wrong in this world hangs a hair-suspended sword. Thus, fear becomes a second nature; a shaking leaf is as the quake of insurrection; fear is cruel and suspicious. They have managed to distort every Northern face into the face of a foe. Plutarch tells us of Bessus the Pæonian, who, being reproached with wantonness for pulling down a nest of young sparrows and killing them, said that he did so because the sparrows were constantly accusing him of the murder of his father. What the twittering of innocent sparrows was to the parricide, has been to slavery the ordinary and natural works and manifestations of freedom. When before has so large a majority as the free States have over the slave borne so long with outrages against their citizens and commerce, at the same time buying and conquering new States for slavery, and invariably, until this once, giving the South pro-slavery Presidents? The arrows which freedom has sent into the camp of slavery have been such as were inevitable, and always peaceful; those arrows which are and must be drawn from freedom's quiver are the railroad, the free press, free opinion, and free speech, and that arrow which pierces to the quick of every evil—the free school. All these, parricidal slavery would destroy. These all accuse that "wild and guilty fantasy that man can hold property in man."

In this time of perturbation, our [illegible] will be enlightened and our task clear in proportion as our vision is lifted to see the bow of a divine purpose spanning the threatening cloud. Look calmly at this war, and you will see in it the historic means of ridding America of human bondage. The devil goes out of this nation in great agony—tearing it as he goes. The fires of war will melt 4,000,000 chains. [illegible] looked a little way, and said, Peace; God looked the whole way, and said, War. Had there been no war, freedom would have had to limp through another century with four or five slave States bound to her limbs. But war [illegible] and says, The banner of America shall never more float over a single slave! Thus Jefferson Davis is overruled by Him "who maketh the wrath of man to praise him"; for God

sometimes uses instruments that a man wouldn't touch with tongs. Let us be [illegible], patient and trustful, as those have a right [illegible] and who are conscious of [illegible] intent or action toward the South. But let our purpose be clear and steadfast as is the firmament above all the storms that rage beneath it, that [illegible] liberty be saved. No price is [illegible] which makes us men and not slaves. That is an ignoble drop of blood that does not hold itself ready to flow for your manhood's crown. No victory is noble if not crowned with this laurel; no peace is honorable which is consolidated over the prostrate form of justice. Then let us watch with eagle eye every compromise offered and every treaty. The American arms can win no victory, nor conquer any peace, which shall not be the victory of humanity and the peace of the wrongs which degrade and afflict humanity. In the Promethean games of Greece, those who ran in the races all bore lighted torches, and he won the race who reached the goal first *with his torch still lighted*. If he reached the goal with his torch extinguished, he lost the day. It was not, therefore, the swiftest racers who won the prize. Indeed, the swiftest were more apt to have their torches put out by the wind. It is thus with the contest on the American arena. Our true prize cannot be won by getting the better of the South in an appeal to arms. What if, when we reach the goal, the torch of liberty entrusted to America to bear in the van of nations be extinguished! What if, by some dishonorable treaty with this or that State, which would be a good ally in war, we have pledged ourselves to continue enslavers of man, and come to claim the prize with the light of that sacred torch lost! Then, indeed, we will have lost the day we seem to win; we have but postponed the revolution which can never really end until the throne of eternal justice be established on earth, and all men gather about it as the children of a common Father.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1861.

Correspondents will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "Publisher of the Anti-Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York."

The Anti-Slavery Bugle, the able and fearless organ of the Western Anti-Slavery Society, has been suspended; the Executive Committee having found it impossible, in the state of pecuniary depression induced by the war, to command the means for its continuance. The Committee, having come reluctantly to this conclusion, adopted the following resolutions:

"Resolved, That the subscription list of *The Anti-Slavery Bugle* be transferred to the publishers of The Anti-Slavery Standard.

"Resolved, That Marius R. Robinson and Joel M'Millan be a Committee to arrange with the publishers of The Anti-Slavery Standard to supply the subscribers to *The Bugle* with that paper to the extent to which their subscriptions have been paid."

The arrangement contemplated by these resolves can be consummated only by concurrent action of the parties concerned. Meanwhile, this number of The Standard will be sent to the subscribers of *The Bugle* as soon as the subscription books come to hand. The sending of future numbers will depend upon the action of the Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society.

ACTION AND REACTION.

The North continues to display the vitality and spirit which astonished itself and dismayed the South a fortnight ago. The first enthusiasm has settled down and organized itself into regular action, by which troops and munitions of war are going forward to Washington and other important points of the frontier. The Capital having been made secure, greater deliberation may now be allowed, so that the preparation of the forces may be more complete and effective. But there can be no question that the President can have his seventy-five thousand volunteers within a week at any point he may need them. And he can have just as many more men, and just as many more millions, as he may require, if he do but answer the demand of the North to be led against the enemy. That there were apprehensions in the North [illegible] that some disgraceful peace, or at Nothing but a [illegible] truce or armistice, might be [illegible] cannot be denied. Considering the chronic inveteracy of the tendency to compromise in Northern public men, this was not only natural, but it was wise. If it did not prevent what was dreaded, it at least strengthened the hands of the Cabinet to the work it had to do. There is now a general feeling of relief at the North, arising from the conviction that active operations are soon to begin against the rebel slave-drivers.

The unanimity of the North, and especially of this city, seems to have struck Jefferson Davis and his crew of conspirators with equal astonishment and dismay. They did not see that the very instincts of wealth, which led to the demonstrations they thought wholly in their favor, were precisely what have united all property-owners as one man against them. Capitalists and merchants were but too willing, as we all know and lament, to yield everything that was yieldable to the slaveholders, for the sake of the peace which is the condition essential to the highest interests of property. And as long as the slaveholders had kept the peace, they could, too probably, have had all they asked that depended on the sympathy and help of capital and commerce. But the moment they opened the war, the whole complexion of things changed. Then capital and commerce saw that they had to choose between the stability of England and confusions of Mexico, and it was well worth their while to meet the expenses and losses of a long war to secure to themselves a settled government. And then Davis's piratical proclamation bound them together in the firmest of leagues for his destruction. And it is in this internecine war which Davis has had the madness to wage against capital and commerce that we see the strongest reason to hope that a happy deliverance for the slave may come out of it. The rich men of the country now see, what the Abolitionists have all along known and proclaimed, that slavery is a system of piracy and robbery, the predominance of which was hostile to the safety of any property, except that in sinews bought and sold. The alliance between the slaveholders and the capitalists, merchants and manufacturers of the North is probably broken up. It may be patched up again for awhile, but the sweetness of affiance will be forever infected by the jealousy thus born and fostered.

We look upon this war between the North and the South as one virtually waged for the abolition of slavery, and believe that it will be seen clearly by the future historian to have been a main instrument of that blessed deliverance, however ignorant of the fact, or unwilling to believe it, may be the mass of the men who direct or execute its operations. Still, we do not expect that emancipation will be the immediate, perhaps not the very speedy, consequence of these hostilities. Such a mighty change in human condition will have to be preceded by a mightier change in the state of the nation's mind that has permitted such an abomination to endure so long. Much has been done during the long years of the anti-slavery agitation to effect this indispensable preliminary change. But it will require yet more time and yet farther developments of the true nature of slavery, to bring the nation up to the point of demanding its abolition as the only means of a permanent peace. The habits of a life-time are not to be broken off in a moment—especially the habits of subjection to a system of despotism. The gross military blunder, to call it no worse, of Gen. Butler of Massachusetts, in going out of his way to offer to suppress an insurrection of slaves, is an illustration in point. Though at the moment in a very hazardous position, in danger of being cut off behind and before, the habits of subordination of a Democrat to the slave-masters came over him so strongly as to induce him to offer to strengthen the weak point of his enemy at the risk of the destruction of his force! He probably could not separate in his mind the ideas of patriotism and negro-catching, which it has been the business of his class of politicians to make one and inseparable. So the repeated assurances of Col. Cochrane of our Sixty-Ninth, to the effect that he and his command would as readily march down to South Carolina to put down an insurrection of the slaves, as they were now doing to suppress rebellion of the masters. These men's [illegible] are much better than their opinions, and it is by no means unlikely that their opinions may be very materially modified by a little closer acquaintance with those slave-masters. A higher state of mind was not to be expected of them. But events which are driving them to actions which they little dreamt they were capable of, may open their minds to ideas which they little dreamt of ever entertaining.

So far from expecting a sudden anti-slavery millennium, we think that the present excitement against the South will very likely be followed by a strong pro-slavery reaction. We should remember that all the base and vile of the pro-slavery crew, on whom the slaveholders had relied for a diversion in their favor at the North, are still here, and, though silenced by fear for the moment, are all ready to open mouth again the moment the opportunity occurs. *The Herald* in this city loses no opportunity to deal a stab in the back at the movement against the masters it had served so long. And the baser and most abject *Boston Courier* spends its ink in exhorting to obedience to the Fugitive Slave law, at a time when there are more fugitive white men, mostly of Northern birth, flying from death, torture and confiscation, merely for loyalty to the Constitution and the Union, than there have been fugitive slaves in a score of years. These wretches will watch their opportunity to do all they can to turn back the tide of feeling and reproduce that mephitic condition of the moral atmosphere which is the chosen breath of their nostrils. And events may favor them. Suppose the famine which is beginning to prevail in some of the cotton States reaches the point which is sure to produce popular commotions even in better regulated societies. Suppose the poor whites should lay it all at the door of Jeff. Davis and his Secessionists, and unite with the secret Union men, who are not few even there, and rise in rebellion against him and put him and his ringleaders to death. And then, should they apply for relief and protection from the United States government, would they not get it? Of course they would, and every possible guaranty of slavery would be given at the same time. This is not so likely, to be sure, since Virginia has had the folly to open her soil and her granaries to Davis and his locusts; but this, or something like it, is by no means impossible. We hold, therefore, that the mission of the Abolitionists is by no means accomplished yet. The work to which they have so long given themselves yet remains unfinished. The conversion of the general mind of the North to the gospel of anti-slavery yet remains in a large measure to be done. It is perhaps the very most critical moment of our duty, to see to it that the public opinion of the North is educated up to the point of permitting no ending to this war, that does not include in its terms the emancipation of every slave on the continent.

AN INFAMOUS PROPOSITION.

MASSACHUSETTS BAYONETS PROFFERED TO KEEP MARYLAND SLAVES IN THEIR CHAINS!

Gen. B. F. Butler, late candidate of the Breckinridge Democrats for Governor of Massachusetts, is, as our readers well know, commander of the forces in and around Annapolis. Last week the telegraph announced that, in order to conciliate the feelings of the people of Maryland, he had offered to put down a rumored insurrection of slaves. We hoped, for the honor of Massachusetts and the American flag, that this statement would prove false; but we regret to say that it has been confirmed. In a letter to Gov. Hicks, Gen. Butler said:

"I have understood within the last hour that some apprehensions were entertained of an insurrection of the negro population of this neighborhood. I am anxious to convince all classes of persons that the force under my command are not here in any way to interfere with or countenance any interference with the laws of the State. I am, therefore, ready to coöperate with your Excellency in suppressing most promptly and effectively any insurrection against the laws of Maryland."

This gratuitously disgraceful offer was declined by the Governor, with the curt remark, "that the citizens of Maryland were fully able to suppress any slave insurrections." Gov. Hicks must have felt the same contempt for Gen. Butler that John Randolph manifested for Edward Everett, when the latter declared on the floor of Congress that there was no cause for which he would so cheerfully buckle on his knapsack as to put down an insurrection of slaves.

Gen. Butler professes to be a Democrat. Has he forgotten the declaration of Jefferson, that the slaves of the United States are enduring "a bondage, one hour of which is fraught with more misery than ages of that which our fathers rose in rebellion to oppose"? Or that other declaration of the same great expositor of American Democracy, that "the Almighty has no attribute that could take the side of the slaveholders in a contest with their slaves"?

We are glad to be assured that this act of Gen. Butler is not approved even by his own political friends in Massachusetts. The Boston correspondent of *The Tribune* says:

"There is a good deal of talk here about Gen. Butler's offer of the Massachusetts troops to put down a local slave insurrection. There is no disposition to criticize incidental movements, especially with imperfect information, but Gen. Butler gets no praise from any quarter for taking this course. I do not think the most radical of the Abolitionists desire to see a general insurrection. I know that the project of encouraging independent armed movements in Virginia has been discussed here, but the men classed as 'fanatics' do not give it any countenance at present. John Brown, Jr., arrived here on Thursday, and though he is quite willing, no doubt, to visit the scene of his father's exploits, he fully agrees that an expedition of this kind would be unwise just now. The reports as to his camp of 400 negroes, in Ohio or Pennsylvania, are wholly destitute of truth. The anti-slavery men do not mean to run the risk of disturbing the present movements by any interference of their own. But the use of Massachusetts troops to put down insurrections of loyal colored people against tyrannical and domineering Secession traitors, is quite another thing. In a war to put down rebels and traitors, all well-disposed and loyal people, black and white, ought to be protected and harbored, and defended by the forces of our government instead of being persecuted by them. Gen. Butler, judging by the knowledge, imperfect to be sure, which we have, has been guilty of a military blunder, which he will not be likely to repeat when the fight begins in earnest. This act of his, if it is countenanced by the General government (it certainly is not by Gov. Andrew), is, when taken in connection with the fact that the rebels are arming the negroes, who are loyal to *them*, a very rich instance of that devotion to old-fashioned and foolish notions of comity and constitutional obligation which is bad enough in times of peace, but absolutely intolerable in times of rebellion.

"While the policy of the antislavery men is at present such as I have indicated, it is by no means certain that events may not compel the government itself to take a different course. We have daily accounts of the acceptance and arming of colored men by the Secessionists, to fight against the government. If our Generals and Colonels continue the policy of volunteering to put down slave insurrection, and returning runaway slaves, how long will it be before the slaves will come to the conclusion that the Northern people are their worst enemies? When the slaveholders become hard pushed, they may, and will, put pikes into the hands of the whole slave population, and compel them to fight us—and they may not need much urging.

"Jeff. Davis and Gov. Wise may, for the time being, assume the character of emancipators, and beat us at our own game. It is of the utmost importance that the colored people, free and slave, Northern and Southern, should understand that the government and the Northern people are not their enemies but their friends."

Anniversary Week.—If we may judge from the reports in the daily papers, the anniversary exercises of the various religious societies this week have been duller even than usual. The speakers have been able to stir the feelings of auditors only when they uttered sentiments of patriotism and freedom. It has been refreshing to hear such sentiments from tongues long used to apologizing for slaveholders and vituperating the Abolitionists.

The omission of the Anti-Slavery Anniversaries, though almost unanimously approved by the friends of the cause, has been felt as a serious deprivation by multitudes. The announcement, by mistake, that Mr. Phillips and Mr. Tilton would speak before the City Anti-Slavery Society on Wednesday evening, sent a thrill through the city which showed clearly enough how eagerly the multitudes would have rushed to such a meeting.

UNION AND DISUNION.

A Sermon,

Preached at New York, Sunday, May 5, 1861,

By Rev. O. B. Frothingham.

"Endeavoring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace."—Ephesians iv. 3.

It is an interesting thing to see how people choose the very noblest words for their political watch-cries; how, as by an instinct we may almost call religious, they are impelled to adopt something that means all that is good and great, though they may possibly mean only what is neither great nor good. Red Republicanism in France—furious, vindictive, animal, levelling downwards—has yet on its coarse lips always the phrase, "Liberty, equality, fraternity," three words as full of virtue and heroism and faith as any in the language. The watch-cry of our people is *Union*. This is the soul-stirring national word that seems to convey better than any other the burden of their feeling. It is emblazoned on banners, printed in mottoes, sung in songs, shouted in huzzas; it is the burden of speeches, sermons, prayers; a significant, profound, beautiful word—a word fragrant with sweet associations, redolent of pure sentiments—a noble, religious word—a word embalming the thought that was most dear to the mind of Christ himself. For the prayer he uttered, in his hour of highest exaltation and hope, was, "that they all may be one"; that his new principle of love might so bind his friends together that nothing might separate them; that the gulf which divides race from race might be filled up with charities; that the barriers that sunder class from class might be broken down by justice; that the lines which run between people differently placed by providence and differently circumstanced by fortune, might be obliterated by kindness; that the breaches existing between rich and poor, wise and simple, high-born and low-born, might be healed again by mutual interdependence and good will; that the antipathies of temperament and taste might be softened by a feeling of intimate fellowship or human sympathy, the sentiment inspired by a common humanity, a common want, a common dependence and a common destiny. He prayed that all might live in the union of heart and mind and will. In answer to this prayer that all may be one in hope and love, what is it we see? We see all men made to *look as if* they were one by wearing the same dress, like prisoners at Sing Sing or inmates of a penitentiary. We see, or we might have seen if we had lived a century or two ago, a singular outward *uniformity* standing for internal *unity*. All recited one creed, all repeated one prayer, all knelt at one altar, all partook of the elements at one communion table, all kept the same holy days and observed the same customs in religion. All *dressed* alike, and wore the same cast of countenance, and marked themselves with the same signs. All called themselves members of one Church, with one head, one priesthood, one administration. So it looked on the surface. But beneath the surface, the blessed unity, the *real* unity, the unity which alone answered to the Master's wish and prayer, could not be found. Behind the one creed was ignorance of its meaning, doubt of its truth, unbelief in it, denial of it. Behind the one liturgy of prayer was fear of God, distrust of heaven, hopelessness of heart, every shade of prayerfulness and prayerlessness. They who knelt at the common altar brought not a common sacrifice in a common spirit; they who gathered round the table of communion did not heartily commune with each other. They who observed the same customs did so with such very different tempers and interests that the significance of the observance was lost. There was uniformity as far as that went, because all wore the uniform; but *union* there was not. People called themselves by the same name, but they were not members of one body.

We are continually called on to note this distinction between vital and superficial union—a bond and the spirit that sanctifies a bond. The marriage bond furnishes an illustration. Two people stand before a clergyman and are *made* one, as it is called, by marriage. Previous to the ceremony they were two; after the ceremony they are *one*, in union regarded as all but indissoluble. A vow is exchanged, a ring is given and received, a benediction is pronounced, and the twain are *one flesh*: "Whom God has joined together let no man put asunder." But did God, by this rite of the Church, join them together? Can a union of two persons be effected by such sleight-of-hand as this? Can the ceremony bind the souls? Can the vow, however sincere at the hour, exert a magical influence to clinch beings for a life? Is there any virtue in a band of gold put round the ring finger to hold two hearts so that they shall not fly asunder? It is very possible that through the whole ceremony, and long after it, the young people, while seeming to be united, may be really divided—may really be strangers and aliens to each other. They certainly are, if they are not bound together by a very true, deep, intimate, holy and tender affection which holds them by their heartstrings. Only such an affection makes them one, and that does so with or without a ceremony; one in mind, heart, spirit; one in purpose, motive, aim and deed; one amid all the struggles and distractions of existence; one amid all diversities of temperament, talent and taste; one through all the flighty joys and all the rending sorrows of human experience; one as the Siamese twins are one, by force of ligaments wound about their centres of vitality, and holding them through all time for better or worse, for richer or poorer, in sickness and in health. A true love will make a union of opposites. It will absorb everything into itself; it will harmonize what was inharmonious before; it will subordinate differences; it will even mould the form and features, and make the subjects of it grow to look alike. But what if the love is wanting? Can anything else take its place and do its office? Nothing. The couple may dwell under one roof, eat at one table, lie down at night side by side, journey through existence bearing the same name, and walking with even step arm in arm, and all the time they may be as far asunder as the poles; they may have no deep mutual respect, no genuine mutual sympathy, no identity of aim or purpose of resolve, no more power of drawing together than a buffalo and a lamb, which may be under one yoke. They may be irritating each other, fretting each other, and working against each other, in a manner and to a degree that makes their life wretched. It might be a great deal better for them both if they dwelt apart. They might find their heartiest agreement in dividing. One of the tyrants in old Latin story punished an enemy by binding him limb to limb and face to face with a corpse, and leaving him inseparably united to that body of death. The two were one in a very fatal sense, indissolubly one. Strong were the cords which made them so; they were one, but it was for *death*. The living blood congealed at the touch of the frozen flesh; the living lungs collapsed under the infection of decay; life was in separation, not in union; union on such terms was dissolution—a thing which one could only shudder to think of. I use this strong illustration simply that you may feel, as it were, the whole possible difference there may be between uniformity and unity—the union of seeming and the union of soul.

Now it may be with communities as it is with individuals, with States as it is with Churches. There may be, in large social and civil relations, the same inward disagreement along with the same outward accord; the same illustration of the motto, "Hands, not hearts," which Othello so plaintively quotes to Desdemona. I never hear the cry of "Union," I never see the word now publicly displayed, without asking myself whether they who use it understand all that it means for us; whether they are thinking of conformity or concurrence—of the ceremonial union that has been, or the vital union that is to be; whether they mean hands or hearts.

The union of States and of peoples, what a sublime version it is of what Jesus meant by his kingdom of heaven! What a grand condition of things is suggested by that expression! A condition of things never, unfortunately, quite realized by any, even the smallest, State on earth, and, most unfortunately, very far from being realized by our own State, but which it is something to have only dimly foreshadowed to the nation's hope in the words they use. That our watchword is *Union*, that the watch-cry of our opponents now is *Secession*, indicates the nature of the conflict, and is even ominous of its results. But, my friends, I am sure that I speak a truth of history—a very sad and deplorable truth, a truth most unwelcome and unpalatable, and, until now, unmentionable, but still a truth—that we have never been, in the vital sense, one people. Our States never have formed a *Union*, in the noble sense. We have called ourselves one; we have appeared to be one; we have [illegible] one in the eyes of the world, because we were not. [illegible] under one Constitution, but it has at times seemed as if the Constitution did as much to divide as to [illegible] [illegible] two theories of government struggled for mastery. We have joined in the same Congress, yet the floor of that Congress has been the scene of perpetual and fierce debate on the very fundamental principles of government. We have sworn allegiance to the same [illegible], but if one portion of the people have quietly submitted to these authorities, another portion have rebelled against them. We have pointed to the same national flag, but the star-spangled banner never was a symbol of the same ideas over the whole country, and now nearly one-half the country trample it under foot and spit upon it. We cannot look back to the time when the States were well united and the people a band of brothers, when we were not divided upon important questions that touched the very vitals of our institutions. One large section of our country has been actually in a condition of suppressed war, and this condition has affected the States and the people to an extent that is perfectly appalling when fairly considered. For the last quarter of a century we have lived as the people of Naples live, with one eye fixed on the smoking volcano, which may spout fire at any hour, and the other bent on the ground in apprehension that it might open under their feet. The open conflict that rages now is only the volcano that lets out the pent-up fires of hidden discord. The suppressed war has come to the surface; the irrepressible conflict shows itself in its true character and proportions. The smouldering discontent flames out with bombshell, ball, and bayonet, the deadly weapons and symbols which quarrel always uses. We have expected this. An incessant agitation has floated, heavy and hot, in the air; the earth has throbbed and trembled, as if presageful of convulsions. Terrible questions opened up in every political canvass. When we looked into the gulf that divided the parties, it seemed to run down sheer into a bottomless pit; and yet a dreadful fascination crowded us all around its brink, and held us there, breathless, in spite of all our endeavors to get away. We said no such gulf existed; that it was a fancy, a fiction, a cruel invention of the agitators; and still we were continually running to gaze, horror-stricken, into its abysses. The same question springs its deadly mine in social circles, creating coldness and distrust where all should have been cordiality and confidence. There was a subject, profound in importance, boundless in scope, intensely interesting in character, that must be carefully excluded from all companies of men and women, because the very introduction of it was like bringing a candle into a powder magazine! Yet it would not be excluded, except by a severe determination of mind which deprived social intercourse of all its freedom and nearly all its charm. The spectre of disunion stalked into the Church, and threw down its apple of discord at anniversary conventions, public festivals, ordinations, meetings for pious communion, for parish business, for the interchange of friendly Christian feelings. It caused misunderstanding and bitterness between the pastor and his people, and, in more than one instance, raised such noisy contention that the preacher was driven from his pulpit, and the congregation was broken up and scattered to the four winds. It stole into households, and disturbed, sadly enough, the domestic peace of families. It made husband and wife sit silent at table, or, worse than silent, chafed and angry. It stopped the hearty interchange of affection between brothers and sisters. It alienated the son from the father, and the son-in-law from the father-in-law, and made men feel as if their bitterest foes were those of their own household. Who can describe the terrible effects which this deep-seated tumor of slavery has exerted on every nerve and fibre of our social system? It has turned smiles to tears, and sweetness to bitterness. It has made friends hate each other, and even brothers disown brothers' blood. I heard but the other day of a widow whose only son, the pride and joy of her heart, had gone to swell the army of the slavery propagandists. "I would have thanked God," she said, "if he had laid him in his grave." There was disunion: a broken sympathy and a broken heart. And this was only the last result and demonstration of the disease which has been working steadily and stealthily for years, to undermine the foundations of all our social and domestic peace, and make the walls of our very dwellings crack and yawn from top to bottom. It seems to me that I have heard of nothing but slavery ever since I came into man's estate. I have seen it in the faces of my parishioners, in the faces of my kindred and otherwise intimate friends. The fact that we were a divided people has confronted me at every turn; it has confronted us all, till we are heartily tired of it. Family quarrels are always the sharpest and bitterest. Closest love makes deadliest hate, just as the most delicate wines make the most pungent vinegar. Strangers seldom come in collision; and when they do, they do not care enough for each other to be very angry over differences of opinion; their dispute is soon ended and their malice soon spent; it does not stay to rankle, but passes away. But they who meet often and meet intimately, who have claims on each other, and ought to be much to each other, and have a great deal at stake in each other, are peculiarly exacting and sensitive. Every wound is a stab, and every scratch infuses poison into the blood that is fatal to the life.

Now, when we cry "Union," do we mean to ignore the fact of this actually existing disunion which is so trying and so terrible? Do we mean to cover it up, so that it shall not be seen? Do we mean to keep a formal and artificial bond unbroken, careless whether the vital bond be sundered or no? Do we find satisfaction in calling ourselves one, even if we are two? Does union mean only the holding together of States by treaties and confederate bonds? or does it mean a closer identity of character, a heartier concurrence of aim, a more cordial coöperation of resolution and will? Why should people go to the same Church, when they cannot profess the same religion, listen to the same instruction, or worship the same God? Why should people be anxious to live under the same roof, where they cannot, by any possibility, dwell in harmony, and where they must continually meet? And why should we be so extremely solicitous in regard to the integrity of the national domain, if the national heart is filled with envy, jealousy, and all uncharitableness? Can we not conceive it as possible that the dissolution of the external and formal union might tend to strengthen the real union; just as the breaking up of the Catholic Church gave vitality to the Christian religion; just as the diminution and partial dispersion of a household may confirm rather than weaken the affinity that should exist among its members? Seeing that antagonistic elements exist in the country, which cannot be reconciled, and neither of which is powerful enough to destroy, exclude or absorb the other, why should not the absolute withdrawal, or excision, or expulsion of a portion of the States, be the means of securing peace and harmony to those that remain—the union of the letter and the form perishing, in order that the union of the spirit may be preserved? Power lies in *moral* unity alone, but a tremendous power lies there. Let there be that unity—the unity of sentiment—and a small State like Holland, or Greece, or England, may be absolutely invincible. Let there be none of that unity, and the mightiest empire, like that of Rome, falls in pieces from the simple lack of cohesive force. Give us unity of spirit, and we could bear to have our domain limited by many a State. And oh! what a relief it would be to have peace at last—peace in our Churches, peace in our legislative halls, peace in our family circles, peace in our own souls—the peace of united counsels, and undivided opinions, and confiding love. Though we had but a single State that was compact and harmonious in itself, clear in its faith, clear in its hope, clear in its conscience, animated by one ruling principle, and guided by one leading motive, we should in time become the masters of the continent. Throw off this deeply-seated disease of slavery, lop off this decaying and mortifying limb, and oh! we should breathe how much more freely! We should feel the pulse of a new life beat within us; we should experience an unknown elation and power in the consciousness of restored unity, harmony and love, which would make existence rich and happy to us, though we were deprived of half our ancestral estate. The unity of spirit that now exists among ourselves—a unity unknown since the glorious days of the first revolution, and far more impressive than then, because comprising together so vast a population, such varied opinions and [illegible] which [illegible], and in [illegible] more to us than a [illegible] but unsympathetic States. [illegible] States? Do we not all pray that the national domain may be undivided? Do we not, at the bottom of our hearts, protest against the lopping off and loss of any portion of it? Do we not resent the act and the policy which would draw a dividing line between the North and the South, and put up barriers of hostile influence in the way of light and liberty? Certainly we do. That is not first which is natural, but that which is spiritual. [illegible] the vital union, the union of the spirit; [illegible] must complete itself in a union of the body.

The word union, my friends, has a very profound significance for us. The very formation, shape, and physical constitution of the continent we live on preaches to us the necessity of union. It has a singular uniformity of structure, as compared with the continents of the Old World. It is far less distinguished by the internal contrasts of climate, soil and surface which mark the Old World and make it the home of distinct and isolated nations. There is free and bountiful circulation over it from end to end. No great mountain ranges interpose formidable barriers to the passage of people North, South, East and West. Its temperatures run into one another by easy and natural gradations, the North insensibly melting into the South; nowhere is the change abrupt; nowhere is the flow interrupted. Between the shores of the Frozen Ocean and the Gulf of Mexico lies the whole distance from the icy regions to the tropics. But 2,400 miles separate these extremes, while at the Himalaya they almost meet. Noble rivers bind its several parts together with their silver cords. The vast plains invite the freest communication by railroad and canal and caravan. The great lakes, containing nearly one half of all the fresh waters on the surface of the planet, are a regal highway across the continent. "Simplicity and unity," says one of the first authorities in physical geography now living, "characterise the continent on which we live. The only natural barriers run North and South, separating the land into Eastern and Western territory; there are none that run East and West, separating it into a Northern and a Southern region." And what does this indicate? Let me tell you, in the language of that same distinguished geographer to whom I just referred—Arnold Guyot. "Taking into account the vast extents, the fruitful plains, the numberless rivers, the prodigious facility of communication nowhere impeded by serious obstacles, and finally its oceanic position, opening it to the whole surrounding world, we see that it is made to furnish forth for man, whose education the Old World has completed, the most magnificent theatre, the scene most worthy of his activity. It is here that all the peoples of Europe may meet together, with room enough to move in; may commingle their efforts and their gifts, and carry out, on a scale of grandeur hitherto unknown, the life-giving principle of modern times, the principle of free association. The internal contrasts which assisted the development of the nations in their infancy and youth exist not here; they would be useless. They are reduced to two general contrasts: the coast and the interior on one side—the North and South on the other. The last will be softened down still further when slavery, that fatal heritage of another age, which the Union drags after it yet as the convict drags his chain and ball, shall have disappeared from its soil as it has already vanished from the fundamental principles of its law."—("Earth and Man," p. 274-5.)

Thus the unity of nature involves and prepared the way for a unity of man in his social relations. Heterogeneous Europe may support a hundred differing dynasties. Homogeneous America can only support one. We now begin to see the meaning of our noble watch-cry of *Union!* But as yet, while dwelling on considerations like these, we *only* begin to see it. The union of races, the union of people, the union of human beings in commercial, industrial and social intercourse—the union of men as men in the free and unrestrained commingling of their common humanity—no mountains of kingship, caste or nobility standing between to intercept exchanges of amity—this union of fellow-creatures, under the principle of free association, under the auspices of Liberty, twin-born sister of Christianity herself, hints at a higher union still—a union of mind and heart and will and spirit.

The genuine union demands that there should be one *faith*—one ruling, controlling, vitalizing idea—one leading belief in human nature and divine providence—one reigning theory of government and law—one opinion, unanimous, clear, dominant, respecting the ends to be sought in any human society, the means by which those ends may be secured, and the institutions in which those means may be stored up for effective use. It will not do for one section to be imitating the social system of Egypt, while the other accepts the social system of America. A genuine union demands that there should be in the people one *hope*. They must all direct their eyes to the same point, and expect the same consummation in the future; and that consummation, the general advancement of all mankind, without exception, by means of popular education, unrestricted development of powers, well-remunerated labor, a diffused intelligence, a free religion, affording to each, according to his condition and need, the stimulating and consoling influences which come with the natural belief in God and immortality. A hope that men may be more universally and more effectually taught, guided, unfolded; that presently there may be no unillumined corner, no dark cells of the prison-house, no spot, high or low, where human nature shall be unblessed; that the weak may be protected, the spoiled rescued from the spoiler, the disfranchised redeemed and the enslaved set free—should be one of the crowning elements in the *union* we pray for. A genuine union demands that there should be in the people one bond of charity; and by that I mean a common principle, which recognizes all men as human beings, creatures of the same Creator, children of the same Father, heirs of the same kingdom, endowed with the same elements, moral and spiritual, however unequally those elements may be drawn out at present, and containing in them the possibility at least of all that has been realized in the most exalted of the race. Without such a principle as this, more or less consciously accepted, more or less deliberately acted on, union is impossible; because, without it, consent of mind, concurrence of action, concert of sentiment, motive and will, are impossible. Organization is not to be thought of without this. Without it, a uniform civilization is a chimera. Austria and Hungary may as well call themselves one because they are contiguous. Piedmont and the States of the Church may as well talk of being united, as these States of ours, without this principle, by which every man stands in the same attitude before the law, and all men stand in the same attitude in regard to each other.

Such, my friends, are the elements of significance, holy, profound and cheering, that lie in that word *union*, which is now on all men's lips. God grant that they who speak the word may fathom the full depth of its meaning, and take in the full sanctity of its promise.

And now, how is this *Union* to be preserved? Or rather—for it has never yet existed—how is it to be gained for our children—yes, for ourselves too? Shall we secure it by attempting to tie the gaping and separating continent together by threads of compromise? By covering over with little twigs and straws of concession the black gulf which is yawning at our very feet? By bridging with paper and breath the tremendous torrent which roars and raves between New York and Carolina? Is it not to be secured rather by deepening our own thoughts and clearing our own sentiments, and giving increased intensity and glow to those principles which we have been taught to revere as sacred? Is it not to be secured rather by a grand, united and enthusiastic effort to throw out now that root of bitterness which has so long troubled us, and by which so many have been defiled? By following up the impulse we have obtained, and pushing on the advantage we have gained, until the elements of discord shall be ruled out entirely, and the one law of liberty shall rise and shine impartially over all the continent? In all my life, thus far, nothing to me has been so terribly beautiful, so charged with light and promise and hope for all people, as this uprising of the spirit of a young nation, and the spring with which it leaps forward to set its armed foot on the Arch-Fiend's neck. It is more beautiful than anything in history. It is like Milton's host of angels driving Lucifer from the [illegible] [illegible] of the Republic. It looks like the rending in twain of the temple [illegible] Curtis. It looks [illegible] bitterness [illegible]—it will be, [illegible] bitterness, by the [illegible] health and a happiness [illegible]. Do not let us think of anything less than total and close knit *Union*; do not let us be satisfied with disunion in any kind or degree; do not let us be content to have our broken vase puttied together again, so that it will do a little while longer; let us have a new *Union*, without crack, or flaw, or [illegible] Union, the union of the spirit in a bond of perpetual peace—let us strike now, for that. We [illegible] but we [illegible] very few Union men. Some by *Union* mean the chain of their business connection—the hitching together of the markets, the uniformity of tariff regulations, the reopening of the channels by which cotton and flour pass up and down. Let us look deeper; let us mean by Union the harmony of ideas and institutions, identity of faith, hope and charity; seeking first the kingdom of heaven, and trusting that all other things shall be added to us. One of our statesmen, years ago, raised the watch-cry, "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable." Another, more recently, has said, "The Union is Liberty." Yes, a true *Union* is liberty; and liberty, in this country, is Union. Let us keep them both, and they will keep us from the dissension of a chaotic nature and a divided mind—from the thraldom of passion and prejudice and self-love.

Our European Correspondence.

LETTERS FROM HARRIET MARTINEAU....L.

April 22d, 1861.

To the Editor of The National Anti Slavery Standard.

Sir:*

* * * * * * * *

As for affairs on this side the Atlantic, I need not tell you that we are all very unhappy about the events at Warsaw. This subject swallows up all other interests at present; though every country in Europe is more or less in a critical condition. The grief about the Warsaw business is not only—nor chiefly, perhaps—on account of the blow to the hopes of the Poles, after those hopes had been strongly encouraged. It is a worse calamity that all hope of the Czar is gone. From the time of his accession till now, all Europe has endeavored to believe in him as an exception to the Romanoff race, and a genuine liberal, as Czars go. We could not but see that he was weak on some occasions; but we believed him wise enough to see that his reign must be devoted to repairing mischief in his own dominions, and giving reforms and new liberties to his people. I have before expressed to you the regret of all who wish well to him and his objects that he did not begin his reforms at the right end, by renovating the official body throughout the empire. As he did not do this, we ascribed every incident of bad faith, and every display of insolence and tyranny, to his bad servants. Even at Warsaw, in February, when the unarmed people were massacred in the streets, and when remonstrance was met with insult, we still said, "It is the Governor and his crew. When the Czar knows it, he will mourn in sackcloth and ashes." Now, however, all delusion is over. It is impossible to hope longer. The Czar has shown himself not only as despotic, but as false and as cruel as any of his race. We have now his own latest replies to applications from the Polish leaders; and their tone reminds us of the memorable speech of his father at Warsaw, wherein he threatened to level the capital with the dust, and silence its people forever. It is now too plain that he at first spoke the Polish leaders fair, to gain time for concentrating his troops on Warsaw. He made use of the honor of the Poles to betray them, by committing the peace of the city to their hands, while he used the interval in bringing up his soldiery. When there was force enough, he insulted the men he had pretended to sympathize and coöperate with; broke up their association, after having begged its assistance in the absence of his army; caused the people to be shot down and sabred at their prayers and at funerals; and, in short, has played such a part that it would seem as if the spirit of his barbaric ancestors had passed into him, on his accession to their throne. No doubt, people in every country are repeating Talleyrand's famous description of the race: "Scratch a Russian, and you find a Tartar underneath." Out of this smooth philanthropist comes a treacherous and wholesale murderer.

The universal anxiety is about the consequences. I will not venture on prophecy—seeing what rulers occupy the thrones of France, Austria, and Russia; but it seems to be the general impression that the Poles cannot now be put down, as they were by Nicholas. The present Czar has encouraged them too far to dare (we would fain hope) to deprive them afresh of their language, and certain other boons conferred. They have not risen in armed insurrection, and can hardly, therefore, be crushed as rebels. The great complication in the case is supposed to be that the French Emperor is suspected by the Czar and his friends to be at the bottom of these Polish movements. This exasperates the Czar, and may afford the French Emperor an occasion for war, which will be welcome to him. Our English conservative party, and some of our allies, have made a great fuss at intervals, for three or four years past, about a supposed secret treaty of alliance between the Russian and French Emperors, against England, as well as Austria. We liberals have never troubled our minds about the matter, being aware of the impoverished condition of Russia, and of the improbability of her entertaining any serious quarrel with us. Now, as you may imagine, the old tories are abundantly taunted about their alarms; and this dreaded alliance goes off in mutual suspicion and hostility. The Czar gnashes his teeth at the imperial brother whom he suspects of stimulating the Poles to seek liberty; and the French Emperor sits at home in a mood of suppressed fury, expressing his horror and grief for the Poles in language which ill conceals his wrath against the Czar. His horror, grief and pity cannot fail to suggest to everybody the question whether he never heard of anything of the sort before—whether he has himself never known a case of shooting down women, children, and unarmed men in the streets of a capital?

You can imagine what speculations are afloat about the probable destiny of the Austrian and Prussian provinces of Poland. We shall, perhaps, see further when the part of Hungary is determined. Where all are in a state of crisis, it seems as if the Hungarian case must be the first decided, and the fate of more countries than one depends on that issue. But you will be most anxious to know what is thought of the prospects of the serfs in Russia, after this dreadful self-betrayal of the Czar.

The best hope of the serfs lies in the absolute necessity of their emancipation to the preservation of the empire. We believe the Czar sees this; and there is nothing in recent events to make us suppose that he will change his course in regard to creating a free laboring class as a safeguard to the empire. The ground of misgiving is the same that I have repeatedly referred to. The doubt increases whether the nobles and the official men will really do as they are commanded. If it is true that a recent disturbance at Kiev was caused by the desire of the people to give funeral honors to the victims of Warsaw, and that it has been violently put down, I own I have little hope of a quiet, faithful working out of the scheme of emancipation. Kiev is the holiest city (except Moscow) of Holy Mother Russia; and if blood has been shed even there in a conflict between liberals and government, it is scarcely probable that an enterprise which extends over two years, and requires much self-denial and good will all round, will be accomplished under a Czar who is what Alexander II. now shows himself to be. Still, we believe that he seriously intends it. We have to mourn, also, the imperfections of Garibaldi, who is, at present, retarding the settlement of Italy, and imperilling her security, by miserable displays of passion and prejudice, under the misguidance of unworthy men. Poor human nature requires much patience! H. M.

* The crowded state of our columns constrains us to omit from this letter Mrs. Martineau's observations upon American affairs, predicated as they were upon a state of facts now happily passed away.—Editor.

Crowded Out.—Want of room compels us to postpone the favors of several correspondents, and among them two letters just received from Paris.

Aaron M. Powell will give a discourse at Ghent, N. Y., on Sunday, May 19, at [illegible] o'clock, p.m., upon "The Times."

DEFECTIVE ORIGINAL COPY

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, May 5, 1861.

THERE is little change within a week, either in the purposes of the government or in the disposition of troops. For the present, there is a steady concentration of volunteer troops upon Washington. At least 40,000 will be sent here, and "Camp Washington" will be one of the sights of our little city for a twelvemonth to come. The object of the government in bringing forty or fifty thousand troops here is plain. First, the Capital is to be protected, and, second, a large force is at hand for operations in Maryland and Virginia.

It is not yet decided—no matter what the telegraphers say—whether the government will commence decided offensive war. All depends upon the conduct of His Highness, Jeff. Davis. If he acts purely on the defensive, makes no attack upon Pickens, makes no demonstration upon Washington—in short, keeps quiet, it is quite probable that the government will rest upon its oars, keep up a strict blockade, and let the rebellious States starve to death. But Jeff. Davis cannot restrain his men. He and the secession leaders perceive what a contest they have begun. They know that the chances are against them. They expect to be worsted on the battle-field, expect to be ruined by the war, and their only hope is that the United States government will despair of subjugating the South, and finally let them go. But the ignorant Southern people don't know this. They think the North is a mass of cowards and poltroons, and are absolutely certain that one Southron can whip ten Yankees.

So it will turn out that the Confederate army will menace Washington; and when that is a fact, the government will act with tremendous energy and dispatch. The President is already prepared for the march of rebel troops upon the Capital. No battle will take place in or near Washington. Be sure of that. Let the Confederate troops advance upon it, and they will be met many miles below the Arlington heights. There will the contest be settled, so far as Washington is concerned.

The government will also strike heavy blows in other quarters. Norfolk, Richmond, Mobile, and other points, will be threatened in such a manner as to create a necessity for the presence of vast numbers of Southern troops away from Washington. Governor Letcher is fully aware, before this time, that if he permits Confederate troops to march across Virginia upon Washington, the government will instantly empty the vials of its wrath upon Eastern Virginia, Norfolk, Portsmouth, and Richmond itself.

There are shrewd Northerners here who believe that there will be no war; who feel certain that the South will completely back down before the imposing military demonstration of the government. This is a mistake. The South is on fire as well as the North, and the Southern soldiers are good fighters, and will prove themselves to be so. But we have the means, and the numbers, and the right, and victory must finally be ours. The rebels have deceived themselves so long that they still, the rank and file at least, think they can vanquish the people of the free States. So the dreadful conflict on the battle-field would seem to be inevitable.

Little is said among the newspapers of the day respecting the grand cause of this frightful civil war. There is an ominous silence upon the subject. Some sterling anti-slavery men are inclined to be desponding on account of this. But there is no cause for despondency. Everybody, of all parties, sees clearly enough what the effect upon slavery will be if the country endures the horrors of a terrible civil war. Men see what is coming, and prefer to keep silence. Providence will see to the results. Whatever the purposes of men may be, God's purposes cannot be thwarted. Let the future take care of itself. The important thing is, to be sure that the government and the free States act well *to-day*.

The Cabinet is, at last, a unit on essentials. Seward, Bates, and Smith, have been forced, by the pressure of public sentiment, into a manly position. A morning New York paper committed a great blunder, a few days since, by stating that Mr. Welles, Secretary of the Navy, was in favor of a peace policy. Your correspondent *knows* to the contrary, and has known, since the 4th of March, that Mr. Welles has been one of the most radical men in the Cabinet. The idea of the reinforcement of Sumter originated with him. He also urged the reoccupation of Texas by United States troops. No truer man lives to-day in Washington than Gideon Welles.

The Secessionists have nearly all of them fled the town. It is too hot to hold them. This is a curious turn in the tide. The very men who, a year or two ago, were persecuting Republicans here, are now obliged to fly to some place further South. The change in public sentiment is decided. Even our dumb clergymen can now speak.

The Massachusetts soldiers, so far, lead all the rest. The New York Seventh may surpass them in some qualities, but when it comes to hard work or hot work, expect a good account of the Bay State boys. And these are the men who have been sneered at for half a century by the slave-masters of the South. When the war is ended, see if even Keitt and Barksdale, if they survive it, do not respect them. The South is deluded—mad. A war *may* cure her of it. AVON.

Our Boston Correspondence.

FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT.

THE SUMMARY.—Darwin disproved—The blessing of the banners—Culture convicted—*Fe vactis*—The spirit of trade—Webster and Gordon—The fighters against the flesh—The friends of fashion and freedom—A dirge from the street—The barrier against barbarism—Flags for the million.

BOSTON, May 6th, 1861.

ONE would think that nothing less than a special act of creation could have called so many flags into existence! No Darwin theory of gradual development of patriotism can possibly account for them. Mr. Agassiz's elder faith seems established by present miracle. We have not only hung our banners upon the outward wall, but we have twisted them into cravats, emblazoned them upon shirt-bosoms, and knit them into shawls. Washington street is nothing but flag. Stars and stripes above, before, behind, and on either side. All day they flutter in your eyes from dray and car and omnibus. Stand by the flag, indeed; he would be puzzled who should try to get away from it!

You have sometimes told us that New England did not know the use of the culture and refinement she was ever acquiring. But, at length, their utility has been vindicated: they have convicted us of error. In every community where culture predominates, there is a point where prejudice must yield to better instruction. To ignorant men, on the contrary, opposition only strengthens prejudice to fanaticism. This I take to be the difference between our embattled farmers and the embattled forces of slavery. Those born under the brutal and barbarous code of the latter power are too ignorant and depraved to be reached by any reason that can be presented to them: '*carnifice potius quam argumentis egent!*' At least, this is the conclusion clamored by the Democrats and Unionists of the last campaign; a few Republicans are a trifle more moderate. The state of feeling among the conservative classes is, at times, almost terrible. The bitter ingratitude they have experienced has at length struck home. The long series of insults that sent their darling Webster to die at Marshfield, crowned at last by the dastardly repudiation of Northern debts by the thankless knaves whom they have fed and fought for these many years—these things have stung them to a fury. "We will sell everything; but we will make Maryland a graveyard!" "By —, the rascals shall have Garrison for President, and Phillips for Secretary of State, if it can be done for money!" These are the public utterances of rich men, and old hunker leaders.

Every responsible man coming from Washington is seized by excited groups, and interrogated about the pluck and steadfastness of the Administration. Senator Sumner and Mr. Ashmun, who appeared last week in our streets, have been thoroughly put to the question. Thus runs the summary of their alleged replies: Chase and Blair are reliable men and of much influence with the President: Seward is insincere and not up to the time. But you will have much later news ere this letter is in print.

The flower of all classes of our young men has enlisted. The firm and modest student whose name may be found on your list of subscribers, the leader of fashionable dissipations whom all polking-parties languish without, the choice spirit who presides over the convivialities of expensive clubs, and that "capital man of business" whose merit we all respect—these are bravely banded together for soldiers' work. Whatever [illegible] in representative of [illegible] the field. Get a look, if you can, at Fletcher Webster's regiment, the pet of [illegible], [illegible] through Broadway. Clergymen, [illegible] property, [illegible] are serving in the ranks. Look, too, at the [illegible] of [illegible], the regiment of Major Gordon, which is at present in formation, and will pass along in due time. The bone and sinew of the country, [illegible] and backwoodsmen from the forest, with [illegible] ranks. It is to be officered by young men of the best city blood and culture, already well experienced in military tactics. Though all this marching and countermarching seems leading backward to the old centuries, yet, every now and then, certain signs appear that men will fight upon far higher ground than the world has yet seen. Here is a circumstance which shows what important peace-battles have been won since we were last in arms. A company is forming of those who have forsworn spirit and tobacco in every form, and who believe in fresh air and cold water as the only innocent and efficient stimulants. The vital statistics of a company who should do active service under such principles would be of great scientific interest, and vast practical importance.

How heartily our good women are working! The Song of the Shirt, set to martial music, is sung all day at Union Hall, a large and handsome building, once famous as the scene of the most costly and aristocratic balls ever given in Boston. It is hardly to be recognized as the spot associated with light, flowers, and music. Many of the waltzers are in their old places upon the floor; but each bends over a little table, and the click of the cutting-scissors is the only melody. The raised platforms and spacious galleries are occupied by women who drive quick stitches through the soldier's garment. Every article is thoroughly tested before joining the assorted heaps of clothing that fill the ante-rooms. The afternoon when I happened to be at the hall, the busy eyes and hands took their first five minutes recess from constant work. A dirge came up from the street below, and all, pale or weeping, were at the windows as our dead from Baltimore, covered by the American flag, were solemnly borne home.

We are made nobler every hour by the elevation and concentration of this work. We are living in the old New England of Vane and Winthrop, warmed to life by the best lights of the present century. All our late apathy seems like a confused dream from which a word and a leader have wakened us. Men of every craft, fit to colonize as well as conquer, have responded to the distressed cry of civilization. The mutual relations of society, numerous and complicated in peace, are fused to a common barrier against barbarism. Men take each other by the hand, and, by wholesome human contact, are charged with electric force. All single wills, all separate purposes, have vanished, and there exists only what seems the one great Will of God.

I hope your readers are just now making more important articles than flags; but I will give them the recipe for a banner of great beauty and cheapness, that may be displayed when the war concludes with the abolition of slavery. You know that a bunting flag of respectable dimension costs from thirty to fifty dollars, which is rather beyond the means of modest householders. Common flannel, which may be obtained in richer colors than bunting, is a most brilliant substitute. I don't say that a banner of this description will "wave" quite so nicely as our star-spangled friend is expected to do; but it will hang as well as Jeff. Davis himself. It is just the thing to stretch across a street or festoon into curtains. A memorandum should be made of this in the fly leaf of every Complete Housekeeper! The standard lately flying over your columns is prophetic of triumph. You have exercised the noblest duty of Republican Liberty in steadily enlightening an apparently overwhelming majority. Behold, slavery paints itself before the crowd in blacker colors than you ever used, and to-day you are justified of all men. **X.

THE TIMES.

LETTER FROM PARKER PILLSBURY.

To the Editor of The National Anti Slavery Standard.

NOT the "Signs of the Times," to-day, but the times themselves, should be observed; what they have brought, rather than what they portend. And whoever has observed the "signs" will not now be surprised at the "times."

The true prophets have long foreseen, and a good while ago foretold, what is now transpiring. And much more, and far more fearful, yet remains. Let the prophets themselves take heed. The very elect may be deceived.

The last STANDARDS are illumined with the Stars and Stripes. I will not question their right there; but I do not see what light, heat, or strength they impart to our *moral and religious movement*. True, our own peerless Phillips would seem to hallow them, by that solemn (and important, if true) evangel, "*To-day the slave asks God for a sight of this banner!*" I could not forbear exclaiming, when I saw it, Alas, for the slave, then! for that vaunted symbol means only *scars and stripes* to him hitherto. As the Irish poet sang, years ago,

> "The white man's liberty, in types,
> Stands blazoned by your stars;
> But what's the meaning of your stripes?
> They mean your negro's scars."

To our millions of slaves do they not mean that still? No more, no less! And the President's Inaugural Address proclaims him ready to so confirm it, "by Act of Congress," *irrepealable* while the nation lasts.

And so Republicans in Cleveland hastened to toss poor Lucy back to the crocodiles of Virginia, to save the Union from secession. And yet Virginia has seceded.

And so that Illinois monster celebrates his appointment to the Marshalship by dragging from their beds a whole family of newly-escaped slaves in Chicago; the mother, the papers told us, "the mother only wrapped in a bed quilt"! and hurrying them, "by special train, more than forty miles an hour," to Springfield, where they were tried and sentenced back to slavery, almost before the fire had gone out on President Lincoln's hearth. A deed at once so dastardly and so damnable of course frightened all the other fugitives in Chicago, numbering several hundreds, away to Canada, to escape the clutch of such a fiend.

The Marshal attempted a defence in the newspapers that had so justly rebuked him. But his defence only showed him about as nearly allied to the bloodhound in head as his deed did in heart.

The other day I saw the correspondence between General Butler and Governor Hicks, of Maryland (or a part of it), in which the former volunteered to send a force to suppress a rumored insurrection among the slaves. It was after the stones of Baltimore had drank Massachusetts blood! I was glad the Governor so curtly declined the ignominious offer.

In several instances, the officers in command have sent back to their masters poor slaves who have ventured into the precincts of the Federal forces, hoping thereby to be made free. No wonder we hear that so many slaves are willing to fight for their masters against the North. In the name of all common sense and human reason, why should they not thus fight? What worse foes can they have?

Another officer—Colonel Dimmick, I think—assured the Virginia masters that he "had not an Abolitionist in his regiment," and that no molestation of their slave system would be suffered. And that was after the decree of the South, instituting *piracy* on Northern commerce, had sent a thrill of horror from the capes of Delaware to Passamaquady Bay!

If such be the purport and spirit of the national flag, why should "*the* SLAVE *ask God for a sight of it*"? And if the new Administration is to make this meaning "IRREVOCABLE" (to use Mr. Lincoln's own word), what can the slave do with it, except curse it, trample on it, spit upon it, spurn it, burn it with fire, as Garrison, one fourth of July, did, so significantly, the Constitution, in the presence of thousands of people!

I am trying hard to be glad—I am glad—of this uprising of the North. It is, indeed, high time. But, then, it means no good to the slaves. War is a doubtful remedy for any ill. It would, perhaps, hardly have been begun by this government, had one condition inevitably have been the freedom of the slaves. The New York *Tribune* begs its correspondents not to speak the word *slavery*, when it can be avoided. Not one colored soldier's services have yet been accepted. Not a Republican paper in Boston dared publish the recent address of Wendell Phillips, though it is one raking battery of war—*the present war*—from beginning to end. Many, nay, very many, according to the newspapers, soldiers and officers, now in our army, declare their readiness to defend Washington; but that they will never march South to coerce the seceded States. And that is the avowed sentiment of nearly the whole Democratic press. And the North is full of Southern [illegible] and [illegible], who know and believe this, ready to [illegible] when the [illegible] shall strike to suit their purpose. And treachery in the camp will be much more to be feared and dreaded than Southern valor in the field. And between both, I think we had better be making friends rather than foes of even the Southern slaves, as well as their brethren here in the North. For I tell you, Mr. Editor, few have weighed well and wisely the work now on our hands.

While we accept the earthquake, the whirlwind and the fire of war, it becomes us to regard also that "still small voice," which is uttered through no red-mouthed cannon; and yet may be, above all the other thunderings, the only voice of God. Whose voice are not we?

I rejoice that even the New York *Herald* and *Journal of Commerce*, at least for the hour, seem to be "clothed, and sitting in their right mind"; many, nay, legions of Southern devils having been suddenly cast out of them. I am equally glad that *The Herald of Progress* follows this good example. Had it scolded its Texas and Louisiana defenders of slavery, for their villainous and abominable articles, one half as hard as it did me for reproving them, it would have had me to recommend it as a friend, as I had been from its birth, wherever I went; and most gladly, too, as many of its friends will testify in almost every Northern State. I am glad slavery is no longer defended by it; since no spiritualist was found who dared, in the same columns, or who did rebuke its tyrant insolence, as it deserved.

But my article grows long. Do not mistake my object. While we join in the general war cry, and hope the best, let us, at least, preserve an identity; and reserve and exercise the right of *criticism*, as well of cartridge-box as of ballot box operations.

Concord, N. H., May 5, 1861. PARKER PILLSBURY.

THE CHURCH ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

A SERMON was preached before this Society, on Sunday evening last, by the Rev. JONATHAN BLANCHARD, D.D., President of Wheaton (Ill.) College. It was an able vindication of the doctrine, that slavery is inherently a sin, and that the slaveholder should be excluded from the Church. Dr. Blanchard was a lecturing agent of the American Anti-Slavery Society in 1836-7. Many of our Pennsylvania readers gratefully cherish the memory of his early labors in that State. He left the American Society in the Secession of 1840.

On Monday afternoon, in spite of the storm, a few members and friends of the Society met for consultation in the Lecture Room of the Church of the Puritans. Rev. D. M. Graham of this city was called to the chair. Rev. Henry T. Cheever, of Jewett City, Ct., made a statement of the doings of the Society, for the year past, the difficulties it had encountered, etc., and brief addresses were made by Dr. Blanchard, Rev. Mr. Conway, Rev. William Goodell, Rev. T. F. White, Rev. Mr. Green from the Sandwich Islands, Rev. J. R. W. Sloane and others. The proposition to employ a lecturing agent for the ensuing year met with favor, and a resolution commending the measure to the Executive Committee was adopted.

On Monday evening the Anniversary of the Society was held in the Church of the Puritans. Rev. William Goodell occupied the chair. Prayer was offered by Dr. Blanchard. Rev. Henry T. Cheever, the Secretary, read the Annual Report, which contained an admirable exposition of the past and present relations of the American Church and Ministry to the anti-slavery cause. We may give extracts from this report hereafter. The following resolutions were offered by Mr. Cheever and adopted:

Resolved, That it is a matter of devout thanksgiving to God, that the question between Abolitionists and their opponents, as it has been clearly stated by one of the earliest and ablest of all the living advocates of abolition in America, is no longer one of the methods and measures to get rid of slavery, or how to control its power, or how to prepare for emancipation. But the question for the whole country is narrowed down to this alternative—freedom now and forever for the whole country, or slavery forever for the whole country. Slaveholding a crime to be prohibited, or an innocent, laudable avocation, to be protected by an irrevocable amendment of the Constitution for that purpose.

Resolved, That it is for the Christian friends of freedom in this country, of all denominations, now to meet this issue manfully in the name of God, to rally in support of the Union and Constitution as it is, for the sake of justice, liberty, and religion, to be promoted by the Union, and to oppose the slightest amendment to the Constitution in the interest of slavery.

Resolved, That the true policy for the National Administration, in its present tremendous struggle with domestic treason and conspiracy, plainly is, inasmuch as the unnatural war into which it is forced is a pro-slavery war on the part of the rebels, to make it an anti-slavery war on the part of the government, and so to commend itself to the friends of impartial liberty everywhere, to the consciences of the good, to the sympathy of universal Christendom, and to the favor of Almighty God.

Resolved, That whereas the national abolition of slavery was a national duty, from the beginning of our government, under a Constitution expressly ordained "to establish justice and secure the blessings of liberty to the people of the United States and their posterity," such a national abolition of slavery has now become a great national necessity to our continued existence as a united nation.

Resolved, That it is the neglect of this national duty which has brought upon us, as a nation, the chastisements which we now suffer, through the inevitable working of cause and effect, under the all-wise government of a just God; and the sooner, therefore, there is a national repentance for our sin, there will be national deliverance from our sorrow.

Resolved, therefore, That the providential call to every pulpit and to every Church in the nation now is, to preach to the people repentance for the sin of slaveholding, and the duty of proclaiming liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof.

Rev. JAMES A. THOME, of Cleveland, then delivered an address so sound in principle, so forcible in argument, so catholic in spirit, so pertinent to the occasion, and withal so eloquent, that we could wish it had been heard by every friend of the cause. His allusions to the early days of the Anti-Slavery Movement were most happy, while his counsels as to the duties of its friends were such as the times required. We hope to be able to publish this address in full hereafter.

Chronicles of the War.

MOVEMENTS AT THE NORTH.

The last week has been characterized by great energy on the part of the government in preparing to crush out the slaveholders' rebellion, and by undiminished enthusiasm on the part of the people. Large numbers of troops have been sent to Washington, and it is believed that we are on the eve of very important military movements, if not of bloody battles. Gen. Butler, with a force of 2,500 men, moved from Annapolis on Sunday morning, and took possession of the Junction of the Baltimore and Ohio with the Baltimore and Washington Railroad. This place is nine miles west of Baltimore, and commands both railroad and telegraph communication between that city and the South and West. Eight howitzers, planted on the viaduct, invest the whole neighborhood. The people of the region are for the most part loyal, and the President of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, who took the side of the rebels at first, now offers to employ the road in the interest of the government.

The government has also taken possession of Havre de Grace, on the west side of the Susquehanna, and workmen, under protection of troops, are rebuilding the bridges between that place and Baltimore. Large bodies of troops are at Gettysburgh, Harrisburgh, York, and other points, ready to move toward Baltimore at the word of command. The bridges on the railroad running north from Baltimore to Harrisburgh, lately destroyed by the traitors, are nearly restored, and it is believed that the government will, within a few days—perhaps before we go to press—take possession of Baltimore, and, by affording protection to loyal citizens, crush out the rebels in Maryland. Harper's Ferry, now in possession of Virginia soldiers, will probably be also taken and held.

The whole Chesapeake Bay is now in possession of the government, and the project of the rebels to outflank the U. S. forces by throwing a column into the eastern shore of Maryland is defeated.

The blockade is now complete on all the coast of Virginia, and it is probable that before the end of a fortnight, every Southern port, from Baltimore to the Rio Grande, will be closed.

In North-western Virginia the people are preparing to resist the ordinance of Secession and to stand by the U. S. government, which will no doubt afford them such aid as they may require.

Cairo, at the confluence of the Mississippi and Ohio rivers, is held by a body of 2,500 Illinois troops, whose batteries command both these streams. No implements of war are permitted to pass to the enemy by this channel.

The plans of the government are not disclosed, but there is no longer room for doubt that the President has the united support of his Cabinet in his purpose of crushing the rebellion. Evidence of this is seen in the instructions of the Secretary of State to Mr. Dayton, the new Minister to France, which have just been made public. Mr. Seward, in the letter referred to, says:

"The United States waited patiently, while their authority was defied in turbulent assemblies and insidious conspiracies, willing to hope that mediation, offered on all sides, would conciliate and induce the disaffected parties to return to a better mind, but the case is now altogether changed. The insurgents have instituted revolution with open, flagrant, deadly war, to compel the United States to acquiesce in the dismemberment of the Union. *The United States have accepted this civil war* as an inevitable necessity. The constitutional remedies for all the complaints of the insurgents are still open to them, and will remain so. But, on the other hand, the land and naval forces of the Union have been put into activity to restore the Federal authority and save the Union from danger.

"You cannot be too decided or too explicit in making known to the French government that there is not now, nor has there been, nor will there be, any—the least—idea existing in this government of suffering a dissolution of this Union to take place in any way whatever. There will be here only one nation and one government, and there will be the same republic and the same constitutional Union that have already survived a dozen national changes and changes of government in almost every other country. These will stand hereafter, as they are now, objects of human wonder and human affection. You have seen, on the eve of your departure, the elasticity of the national spirit, the vigor of the national government, and the lavish devotion of the national treasures to this great cause. Tell M. Thouvenel, then, with the highest consideration and good feeling, that the thought of a dissolution of this Union, peaceably or by force, has never entered into the mind of any candid statesman here, and it is high time that it be dismissed by statesmen in Europe."

Mr. Isaac Moses, of this city, who had an interview with Mr. Seward on Sunday last, writes that he informed the Secretary of the determination of New York City to sustain the government, and of the expectation of the people that the war would be prosecuted with energy, and that Mr. Seward replied "that the people should not be disappointed, and that he thought they would be well satisfied with what would take place in a very few days."

The troops already offered for the support of the government must number already nearly or quite 500,000. The States west of the Alleghanies have offered full 250,000, and the cry is still, "They come."

The patriotic contributions of the people for the war during the last three weeks amount to the immense sum of $23,277,000. Pennsylvania leads the column, with a free gift of $3,500,000; New York and Ohio have each given $3,000,000; Connecticut and Illinois each $2,000,000; Maine, $1,300,000; Vermont and New Jersey, each $1,000,000; Wisconsin and Rhode Island, $500,000; Iowa, $100,000. The contributions of the principal cities are: New York, $2,173,000; Philadelphia, $330,000; Boston, $186,000; Brooklyn, $75,000; Buffalo, $110,000; Cincinnati, $280,000; Detroit, $50,000; Hartford, $64,000.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF THE REBELS.

The rebels have evidently been much disconcerted by the demonstrations of loyalty at the North. Governor Letcher of Virginia now declares that he has no intention of attacking Washington—that, in fact, he has at no time contemplated such an assault. But he avows a purpose of defending the soil of Virginia from invasion—in other words, of not allowing the United States to repossess its stolen property in the Old Dominion. Troops are mustering at various points; seven or eight thousand are said to be at Richmond. We hear rumors of large forces advancing north from the cotton States, but how much truth there is in these stories no one can tell. Gen. Pillow is said to be gathering a force in Tennessee and Kentucky for an assault upon the garrison at Cairo, but the place is believed to be impregnable. There are reports by way of Montgomery that Gen. Bragg is about to attack Fort Pickens, but they are not credited.

Tennessee and Arkansas have both joined the rebels. Kentucky and Missouri occupy an equivocal position, the political leaders being greatly divided in opinion. The Secessionists are playing a desperate game, and mean to carry these States over to their side, if possible; while their opponents propose to hold a position of neutrality. The people of Kentucky see that if they join the rebels their soil must inevitably be the battle-ground of the conflict—a result which they are most anxious to avoid, while at the same time they wish to escape the necessity of fighting their slaveholding neighbors.

The rebels in Maryland are likely to be brought to terms. Their efforts to take the State out of the Union have signally failed, and as the troops of the United States close around them, with the evident purpose of taking and holding Baltimore, they exhibit signs of fear, if not of submission.

A gentleman who lately returned from an extended tour through the South reports the result of his observations to the Louisville *Journal*. He says that in all his journey he did not see a solitary railroad train going in the direction of Richmond that was not loaded with troops and munitions. From Charleston alone, during the two days he was there, 4,000 armed men started for the Virginia rendezvous. He states that these general and rapid movements are not reported in the papers of the Confederate States, but he has no doubt that the army at Richmond will prove tremendous in its strength of numbers. He tells us that all the men he met with, military officers and others, spoke of the conquest of Washington as a settled thing, just as well settled as if already accomplished, and that the avowed determination is not to preserve the public buildings of the Capital for the uses of the Southern Confederacy, but to demolish them utterly, not leaving one stone upon another.

A gentleman from Richmond, a few days since, is reported in *The Times* as saying that there is a perfect reign of terror there. The troops are ignorant beyond belief. It is upon the ignorance of these men that the leaders play. He listened to one man who publicly stated that the Seventh Regiment had been cut to pieces in the streets of Annapolis, and *that he himself saw* more than 100 of their dead bodies lying in the streets of that city. Another man he heard assure the crowd that the Massachusetts vagabonds (her glorious volunteers) had been quartered in the Capital at Washington, and had amused themselves by running their bayonets through the pictures which adorned it, and that the rich hangings of the different rooms have been pulled down and made into blankets and wrappers for the use of the troops.

Another man, who was organizing a corps of infantry, told them they had nothing to do but to march to glory and wealth. "What," said he, "could a Northern army do on our sterile hills? they would starve to death. But you," he continued, "have but to march to Washington, and lay that in ashes—then to Philadelphia, which is rich in all kinds of wealth—from that through all the North; there is a village every five miles, and every village has a bank, and every bank has a vault of specie, and you have but to help yourselves." This was a sample of the speeches made daily to the troops at Richmond.

The War Department, says a Washington dispatch in *The Tribune* of Thursday, has learned, from what it considers a trustworthy source, that not far from 50,000 men are within two days' march of Richmond. They know positively that Gen. Beauregard has been at that place within ten days, from which he returned to Montgomery in great haste. It is the impression in Washington that we have been misled concerning Southern movements and Southern success in raising troops.

A letter from Charleston, dated April 25, says:

"We are getting to be in a bad way for food. Our fighting men seem to have overlooked the fact that nearly all we eat has heretofore been received from the North—butter, cheese, lard, bacon, ham, fish, dried fruits, potatoes, etc. The war has stopped our supply. The troops will soon gobble up what little is on hand, and what then? It is no joke. Butter retails at eighty cents a pound, and is neither plenty nor good. Fresh meats are from twenty-five to thirty-five cents a pound—all sorts, from the tender calf to the venerable bull. Short crops will follow the war fever. *While Massa loafs about the city, or plays soldier on the island, Sambo don't go to work of his own accord on the plantation.* Look out for real distress here next winter. The screws being applied to the banks, a considerable portion of the loan 'was freely taken.' Hurrah! The first installment will about use up the specie on hand, and the second will have to be paid in shinplasters; the third in niggers, probably, and so forth. Pity us; we are in a bad way. Do not believe what our papers say, for they have long ceased to tell the truth."

SOUTHERN IDEAS OF NORTHERN TROOPS.—The Mobile *Advertiser* of April 24, speaking of the Northern people, says:

"They may raise plenty of men—men who prefer enlisting to starvation, scurvy fellows from the back slums of cities, whom Falstaff would not have marched through Coventry with—but these recruits are not soldiers, least of all, the soldiers to meet the hot-blooded, thoroughbred, impetuous men of the South. Treacherous [illegible], who enlisted to [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible], [illegible] and half [illegible] of the [illegible] of that city report them. [illegible] know the [illegible] of a musket from [illegible] rather than a [illegible] than fight [illegible] in manly combat. White slaves, [illegible] change knaves and vagrants, the dregs and offscourings of the populace—these are the levied '[illegible]' which Lincoln suddenly arrays as candidates for the honor of being slaughtered by gentlemen—such as Mobile sent to battle yesterday. Let them come South and we will put our negroes to the dirty work of killing them. But they will not come South. Not a wretch of them will live on this side of the border longer than it will take us to reach the ground and drive them over."

"SABLE CLOUDS."

A letter from Philadelphia to *The Tribune* says:

"The blacks here are drilling privately on their own hook. Large numbers offered themselves to the authorities, but were declined at present, whereupon they betook themselves to getting ready in hopes of being yet accepted. They could muster 5,000 here easily."

Frederick Douglass, in a speech on the war, replying to the question, "What are you colored men going to do?" said:

"Let a few colored regiments go down South, and assist in setting their brothers free, and they could and would do this work effectively for our government. He was ready to go; but this did not imply much courage, for he knew he would not be accepted. The South are wiser in their generation than the North. Black people are being made soldiers of at Montgomery. They piled the sand-bags and raised the batteries which drove Major Anderson from Sumter; but you Northerners are too aristocratic to march by the side of a 'nigger.' But the time may yet come when the President shall proclaim liberty through all the land. The speaker argued that the Constitution granted this power to Congress. That great statesman, John Quincy Adams, once told the Chivalry to their faces that the power to set the slaves at liberty was clearly implied in the war-making power."

The Chicago *Democrat* is urging the acceptance by government of the services of negro volunteers, which has been discouraged in many quarters. Says the editor:

"Out upon such squeamishness as this opposition to negro soldiers. The colored man has a great interest in this war—as great as the white man. Let him have a chance to fight for the old flag for which his fathers, slave as well as free, fought in the olden time.

"Let us hear no more stuff of this kind. A negro regiment sent into a Southern State would be dreaded more than any other. It would be a nucleus round which the slave and the free colored man could and would rally in defence of the Union. The South threatens our homes and our firesides; has its traitors and spies in every Northern city; has plundered and robbed us; has murdered our citizens. Let us strike where we can hit hardest. By so striking, we can make short work of this war, and thus spare the effusion of blood on both sides."

A correspondent of *The Tribune*, writing from one of the Southern States, says:

"From New Orleans the report is that the free negroes are offering their services; also that a meeting is called to get rid of Abolitionists. From various quarters we hear of the 'niggers' coming forward to take the loan of the Confederate States; and I believe shame will not prevent their getting all they want of it. As far as I have seen, negroes much prefer being dressed up in uniform and playing soldier, to picking cotton or tending sugar cane, and their taste on this point cannot be disputed. It may not be generally known, moreover, that in the cities of the South, are to be found many free negroes, whose freedom is generally due to their white blood, who have accumulated property, and who actually themselves own slaves. Recently a proposition has been made to get rid of all free negroes as a nuisance, by giving them the choice of leaving the country or choosing a master. This proposition did not prevail in this State last winter, but it stirred up the negroes to a realizing sense of their responsibilities, no doubt; and this is what comes of it."

The New York *Express*, true to its pro-slavery instincts, objects to black soldiers. It says:

"Some Southern journals tell us, and over and over again, too, that the slaves are with them, work for them, make forts, fortresses, dig ditches, etc., and are faithful; but some go on and say, 'arms will be put in the hands of the slaves,' etc.

"It is not our duty to give Southrons advice, but if they will listen to us, they will exercise a judicious censorship over this sort of publication in their newspapers. We doubt not the fidelity of their slaves, and their attachment, when removed from temptation, but this sort of Southern talk encourages the raising and arming of black regiments in the North, which, if once begun, will not end, if they are brought face to face with men of their own color in the South. Let us all stop this talk. This should not be a war for negroes, or about negroes, or between negroes, but for nobler objects."

The Evening Post, on the authority of a gentleman from Charleston, says:

"In the interior of South Carolina fears of slave insurrections are exciting much alarm. Men sleep with guns at their bedsides; women refuse to be left alone on the plantations. In one neighborhood, forty miles from Charleston, it is certain that an attempt at insurrection was put down, ten days ago, and seven negroes were hung."

The same paper, alluding to the statement of the N. O. *Picayune*, that the up-river parishes of Louisiana were very slow in furnishing their proportion of troops for the rebel army, says:

"A gentleman who has just returned from a journey through Louisiana informs us that this hesitation does not arise so much from any preponderance of the Union sentiment, as from the general fear entertained by the planters and farmers of a rising of the slaves. Almost every plantation is doubly guarded, and everywhere the slaves are watched with the utmost vigilance. Planters refuse to let any of their white employees enlist, but arm them and keep them as a private guard. One planter, the owner of three hundred negroes, expressing his fears to our informant, said: 'D—n the niggers, they know more about politics than most of the white men. They know everything that happens.'

"In Mississippi, so far as he could learn in a hasty passage through the State, the same fears prevail, and to the same extent. Planters dare not leave their homes, and no one thinks of staying away a night from his family. The drafting of so many thousands of white residents into the rebel army fills those who remain with dread of the slaves."

The same paper learns, from a gentleman just from Louisville, that there were rumors there that a slave insurrection had been put down near Lexington, and the following is a minute of a conversation between a lady residing in an interior town of the State and her white servant maid, as communicated by the lady herself to the informant:

Girl—"What is to become of the slaves when this war is over, ma'am?"

Lady—"Nothing. They have no interest in it."

Girl (hesitating)—"You may think they have not; but if you could hear some of them speak as I do sometimes, you would think differently."

Lady—"What do they say?"

Girl—"They are always whispering among themselves; and the other day one told me that in six months she would be as good as I am. They say the war is going to set them free, and they are very anxious for it to come."

A letter from Algiers, La., dated April 15, says:

"The authorities fear an insurrection in the city of New Orleans, and the military are ordered to be ready to turn out at a moment's warning."

The National Intelligencer gives us this information:

"Some two or three months since, seven negroes, who had been slaves, effected an escape from their masters, and appeared at Fort Pickens, then commanded by Lieutenant Slemmer. That officer returned them to the rebel troops, by whom they were given up to their owners, by whom they were mercilessly punished for the attempt to gain their liberty. At the time of their surrender, Fort Pickens was greatly in need of men to defend it, and down to this moment there has been no day when these negroes would not have been of great use in the various labors about the fort. Just such laborers have since been carried thither at a great expense to the government. Their fidelity was guaranteed by every circumstance, and was beyond question.

"When General Jackson defended New Orleans, he pressed everything that had any fighting quality about it, Barataria pirates, free negroes, whatever came to hand, into the service.

"One of the Secessionists is reported to have said, that if Lieutenant Slemmer had not returned these men, '*a nigger would not have been left in all that part of Florida.*'"

VARIOUS FACTS AND INCIDENTS.

The Montgomery (Ala.) *Mail* expresses much regret that the report that the N. Y. Seventh Regiment was cut to pieces by the Baltimore Gorillas proved to be false. The Seventh Regiment, it says,

"Is composed mainly of Southern drummers for Northern trade, many of whom have received the hospitalities and courtesies of the Southerner, and large quantities of his money. It was only a year or so since that this same regiment was the guest of the city of Richmond, and was treated by its noble citizens with all the hospitality and kindness that could be bestowed on any body of men; and this is the way these mercenary volunteers show their gratitude, by attempting to trample on our rights, and assist the nigger President in his mad designs. They were served right by the city of Baltimore, and it is to be regretted they were permitted to proceed on to Washington. But, sooner or later, they will meet their reward."

"Mercenary volunteers" is a good phrase. In fact, our Southern friends show considerable ingenuity, though of a barbaric sort, in inventing terms of abuse. One of their favorite expressions is "hireling volunteers." [illegible] [illegible] whether [illegible] willingly or not.—*Tribune*.

The Jackson *Mississippian*, speaking of the coming election for Members of the Confederate Congress, says:

"There is no danger that the people of our State will occupy themselves with [illegible] the disposal of office in the presence of the issue of liberty or slavery, honor or disgrace, which is to be determined by the bloody arbitrament of the sword."

A foreigner would naturally infer from this that the South was fighting for liberty and the North for slavery; whereas, if we remember rightly, the contest was begun by the South on the ground that the North was against slavery. Were ever men before in such a false position as these rebellious slaveholders?—*Tribune*.

SOUTHERN ARROGANCE.—The Mobile *Advertiser* of April 27, in noticing the movements of the New York troops, says:

"Most of the 7th Regiment are tolerably decent sort of men for Lincolnites, but hardly worthy the honor of being slaughtered by the gentlemen whom we have sent to do it."

This is a tolerably good specimen of [illegible] arrogance. The general impression in the South, especially in the States which, like Alabama, swarm with loafers, is that the men of the North are, in every respect, an inferior race to themselves. The truth is, the North has allowed these gentlemen to rule the country so long that they not unreasonably look upon themselves as our natural masters.—*Tribune*.

The Philadelphia *Press* has been informed by reliable parties that ex-President Buchanan has subscribed $5,000 for the equipment of volunteers at Lancaster.

Judge Campbell, of the United States Supreme Court, who resides in Alabama, has sent in his resignation. He is a Unionist, but feels bound to adhere to the fortunes of his State.

SOUTHERN HERALDRY.—A suitable heraldic device for J. Davis would be:

> "Two beams standant,
> One beam crossant,
> One rope pendant—
> A *scoundrel at the end on't.*"

REV. JOHN PIERPONT has tendered his services to Governor Andrew as chaplain to one of the Massachusetts regiments. This veteran clergyman, in his letter, says: "If sir, my proffer of service is accepted by your Excellency, I have only one stipulation to make in connection with it, namely, this—that on our way to Washington, we are NOT to go AROUND Baltimore."

GEORGE DRAPER, of Hopedale, Mass., has contributed $500 "for the benefit of the families of those who fall in the war."

ROBERT TYLER, son of the ex-President, is a confirmed fugitive from Philadelphia, as well as from his home at Bristol. The people there drove him out. It is said that for months past he has been acting as a spy of Governor Wise, giving him by letter information as to all that was going on here, and pledging Wise that he had 1,000 Philadelphians enrolled to march with him to Virginia and fight for the rebellion. The report is that this letter was intercepted, and a speedy flight from Bristol to New York alone saved him from stretching hemp. At New York, we learn he was hunted out, and forced again to fly, this time having gone clean off. There has probably been no noisier traitor in these parts than Tyler. He was so gratuitously offensive in his conversation for a year past that everybody knew him, and had marked him. Nobody regrets his absence, unless it be his creditors.—*Phil. Cor. Tribune*.

A dispatch from Washington says that fourteen companies of Kentuckians have offered their services as volunteers to the United States, and ten have been accepted, and ordered to encamp on the North side of the Ohio River.

Western Virginia, it is said, has already enrolled 2,600 men for the service of the United States.

BROWNLOW CHOOSING HIS ROUTE.—"*Knoxville, Tenn., April 22.*—Gen. Gideon J. Pillow: I have just received your message through Mr. Sale, requesting me to serve as chaplain to your brigade in the Southern army: and, in the spirit of kindness in which this request is made, but in all candor, I return for an answer, that when I shall have made up my mind to go to hell, I will cut my throat and go *direct*, and not travel round by way of the Southern Confederacy. I am, respectfully, etc., "W. G. BROWNLOW."

GROTIUS R. GIDDINGS has returned to Ohio from Montreal, whither he had gone with his father, the venerable Joshua R. Giddings, in the capacity of United States Vice Consul, and is now engaged in raising a company of sharp-shooters for the war.

REV. MR. WISE (a son of ex-Governor Wise, of Virginia) who is stationed over an Episcopal Church in West Philadelphia, on Saturday evening, April 27th, stepped into a barber's to get shaved. While the process was advancing he said: "One Virginian is worth three Northerners," and hoped the latter would be whipped. At this the master of the razor strop took offence, and instantly ejected the reverend gentleman into the street—one half of his face yet lathered, and he in his shirt sleeves. A member of his church, passing by, got a carriage and took him home, and begged him to keep still. He did not preach the next day, and during the night was packed off.

The pecuniary loss which the country [illegible] suffered from the Jeff. Davis rebellion [illegible] than $500,000,000. Does anybody suppose people will consent to patch up with any arrangement a controversy which has cost [illegible] dear, and leave it to be revived again hereafter? [illegible] a supposition is absurd. The business is now to be finished and settled forever, so that it can never be brought up for consideration again.—*Tribune*.

SLAVE PROPERTY.—The Albany *Atlas and Argus*, the Democratic organ of this State, says the North should not be "at all tender about the property of our enemies at the South, now waging war upon us. In the course of this conflict it will be our duty to assail them in property as in person—to capture their ships and cargoes, quarter troops upon them, and batter down their cities if need be, to reach their citadels. We should be no more tender of their property in this sense, than of their persons; and slave property must take its chance with the rest."

A Washington correspondent of *The Herald* says: "The South has made its slaves men by employing them in erecting fortifications, and by organizing them in companies; the Northern troops will, therefore, seize slaves as prisoners of war wherever they are found."

Bennett's *Herald*, replying to the charge of ingratitude brought against it at the South since its recent somersault, says: "The statement that we ever made any money out of the South is simply false. Our entire circulation in all the slave States has, at no time, equalled that in one ward of this city, or in the single State of Connecticut."

A leading mercantile house in Philadelphia, which has done much and paid liberally to stand well with the South, lately received a letter from a debtor in Louisiana in these terms:

"Our note to you for $10,000, due this day, will not be paid. We have lent the money to the Confederate States, and you may go to ——."

—The creditors hope to make of their account a cartridge to fire at the rebels. They have no idea of ever realizing it otherwise.—*Tribune*.

FRUITS OF EMANCIPATION.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

THE following extract is from a letter written to Mrs. L. MARIA CHILD, by a friend visiting the Bahama Islands:

"NASSAU, April 6th, 1861.

"My heart is full of thankfulness and hope, in view of what I witness here. Every day I think how you would delight in seeing these happy and respectable colored people. Of course, there are some poor creatures, as there are everywhere; but they are generally as industrious, well-looking, and self-respecting, as if they were white. It does me good to see them. They are shoemakers, dressmakers, shell-workers, in fact, everything they would be as whites. They carry on nearly all the industry of the town. At church, several of the pews are occupied by colored families, and three colored women sing in the choir with white men and women. All the English here give unanimous testimony in favor of the results of emancipation, and they treat the colored population just as they do people of their own complexion. Mr. William G. Sewell, of *The New York Times*, has lately published a book which is the result of four years' study and observation of the British West India Islands, and it is an overwhelming proof of the advantages of free labor.

"The Americans here are hatefully pro-slavery. My 'free and enlightened' countrymen are the only people who make use of the word 'nigger.' It is wonderful how coarse and brutal they appear when they talk on this subject. An American said, at table, the other day, 'The niggers here are in a lower condition, physically and morally, than the slaves in the Southern States.' I could not help saying to him, 'When an intelligent gentleman makes such a statement, the most charitable conclusion is that he is entirely ignorant of the condition of slaves in America.' He replied, 'Niggers are cursed in the Bible, and I believe [illegible].' I thought it best to give him up, as a hopeless case, but I enlarged a little on his extraordinary ideas of God. I begin to feel that the Anti-Slavery work should be done to save the souls of the whites, even more than for the sake of justice and humanity to the blacks.

"Since we came here, the Captain of an American schooner employed four colored men, from one of the out islands, to work on his vessel for an hour. When they went on board, he seized them. Two jumped overboard. One was drowned, and the other swam to the shore. He succeeded in carrying off the other two, who have probably been sold in New Orleans [illegible] [illegible] Governor [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] took these islands from American schooners.

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Miscellaneous Department.

MOTHER AND POET.

(TURIN—AFTER NEWS FROM GAETA. 1861.)

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

[The following magnificent poem—for will not every reader say it is truly magnificent?—will find an echo in a hundred thousand mothers' hearts to-day, whose sons are now on the battle-field of their country, fighting for liberty in America as Mrs. Browning's heroes are fighting for liberty in Italy. God bless the woman who moves two nations with one song!]

Dead! one of them shot by the sea in the east,
And one of them shot in the west by the sea.
Dead! both my boys! When you sit at the feast
And are wanting a great song for Italy free,
Let none look at me!

Yet I was a poetess only last year,
And good at my art for a woman, men said.
But this woman, this, who is agonized here,
The east sea and west sea rhyme on in her head
For ever instead.

What art can a woman be good at? Oh, vain!
What art is she good at, but hurting her breast
With the milk-teeth of babes, and a smile at the pain?
Ah boys, how you hurt! you were strong as you pressed,
And I proud, by that test.

What art's for a woman? To hold on her knees
Both darlings? to feel all their arms round her throat
Cling, strangle a little! to sew by degrees
And 'broider the long-clothes and neat little coat!
To dream and to dote.

To teach them.. It stings there. I made them indeed
Speak plain the word "country." I taught them no doubt
That a country's a thing men should die for at need.
I prated of liberty, rights, and about
The tyrant turned out.

And when their eyes flashed.. O my beautiful eyes!..
I exulted! nay, let them go forth at the wheels
Of the guns, and denied not.—But then the surprise,
When one sits quite alone!—Then one weeps, then one kneels!
—God! how the house feels!

At first happy news came, in gay letters moiled
With my kisses, of camp-life and glory, and how
They both loved me, and soon, coming home to be spoiled,
In return would fan off every fly from my brow
With their green laurel-bough.

Then was triumph at Turin. "Ancona was free!"
And some one came out of the cheers in the street
With a face pale as stone, to say something to me.
—My Guido was dead!—I fell down at his feet,
While they cheered in the street.

I bore it:—friends soothed me: my grief looked sublime
As the ransom of Italy. One boy remained
To be leant on and walked with, recalling the time
When the first grew immortal, while both of us strained
To the height he had gained.

And letters still came—shorter, sadder, more strong,
Writ now but in one hand. "I was not to faint.
"One loved me for two.. would be with me ere long:
"And 'Viva Italia' he died for, our saint,
"Who forbids our complaint."

My Nanni would add "he was safe, and aware
"Of a presence that turned off the balls.. was imprest
"It was Guido himself, who knew what I could bear,
"And how 'twas impossible, quite dispossessed,
"To live on for the rest."

On which without pause up the telegraph line
Swept smoothly the next news from Gaeta:—*Shot.*
Tell his mother. Ah, ah—"his," "their" mother: not "mine."
No voice says '*my* mother' again to me. What!
You think Guido forgot?

Are souls straight so happy that, dizzy with Heaven,
They drop earth's affections, conceive not of woe?
I think not. Themselves were too lately forgiven
Through that Love and Sorrow which reconciled so
The Above and Below.

O Christ of the seven wounds, who look'dst through the dark
To the face of Thy mother! consider, I pray,
How we common mothers stand desolate, mark,
Whose sons, not being Christ's, die with eyes turned away,
And no last word to say!

Both boys dead! but that's out of nature. We all
Have been patriots, yet each house must always keep one.
'Twere imbecile, hewing out roads to a wall.
And, when Italy's made, for what end is it done
If we have not a son?

Ah, ah, ah! when Gaeta's taken, what then?
When the fair wicked queen sits no more at her sport
Of the fire-balls of death crashing souls out of men?
When your guns of Cavalli with final retort
Have cut the game short—

When Venice and Rome keep their new jubilee,
When your flag takes all heaven for its white, green and red,
When you have your country from mountain to sea,
When King Victor has Italy's crown on his head,
(And I have my Dead.)

[illegible]hat then? Do not mock me. Ah, ring your bells low,
[illegible] burn your lights faintly!—*My* country is there,
[illegible]he star pricked by the last peak of snow.
[illegible]y's there—with my brave civic Pair,
[illegible]franchise despair.

[illegible]me women bear children in strength,
[illegible] the cry of their pain in self-scorn.
[illegible] pangs of nations will wring us at length
[illegible]ch as this;—and we sit on forlorn
[illegible]hen the man-child is born.

[illegible]—one of them shot by the sea in the west,
[illegible]d one of them shot in the east by the sea!
[illegible] my boys!—If in keeping the feast
[illegible] great song for your Italy free,
[illegible]ou want a [illegible] look at *me!*
Let non[illegible]

—*Independent.*

MISS REMOND AT CHESTERFIELD.

From The Derbyshire (Eng.) Courier, April 19.

GREAT interest was excited by an announcement from the Committee of "the Chesterfield Operatives' Library and Mutual Improvement Society," that a lecture would be given in the Market Hall on Tuesday evening last, on American Slavery, by Miss SARAH P. REMOND, a lady of color from the United States. The hall was crowded by a highly respectable and attentive audience, though a charge was made for admission.

In an interesting book published in the present year by Matthew Davenport Hill, Q.C., and Recorder of Birmingham, with a preface by Lord Brougham, entitled, "Our Exemplars, Poor and Rich," Mr. Hill says, in connection with a sketch of this lady's life, that "Miss Remond is a colored lady of great talent and energy. She is gifted with natural eloquence, and is thus qualified for the profession she has adopted, that of a lecturer on the anti-slavery question. During her stay in England she has made a tour through some of our principal towns, where her spontaneous appeals were listened to with respect and even with admiration." From the same sketch we gather that Miss Remond is the daughter of respectable free colored parents residing at Salem, in Massachusetts, and that in her experience she has often been made painfully to feel the difficulties put in the way of persons of her race, however refined and cultivated, even in the free States of America, by the irrational and odious prejudice against color that prevails there. Her education, and that of her sisters and brother, was much interfered with by regulations which prohibited them from attending the schools where white children were taught, but her great love of knowledge, added to a strong, quick, natural capacity, enabled her in a great measure to overcome these great and cruel obstructions. In this sketch the origin of the anti-slavery movement in America is described by Miss Remond herself, together with the circumstances which led her, when she grew up, to identify herself with it. "Previous to the year 1829 (she says, writing from history and not from personal knowledge, for she appears only about twenty-five years of age) no decided effort had been made in behalf of the slave population. Now, a young man, a native of the State of Massachusetts, essentially a man of the people, demands the immediate emancipation of every slave, as the right of the victim, and the duty of the master. His clarion voice is heard, and the nation wonders. What? the negro a man! The American people had never dreamt that the slaves had rights in common with themselves, and a demand based upon justice filled the people with consternation! They considered the colored race as so many beasts of burden. My mother hailed the advent of this young and noble *apostle of liberty* with enthusiasm, and among my earliest impressions is mingled the name of that now venerated friend of the oppressed, Wm. L. Garrison. As years rolled on, I became more and more interested in every effort made on behalf of the enslaved. The germ of a glorious reform was now planted, and had taken root; the American Anti-Slavery Society was founded, based upon principles which, in every age, had broken the bonds of the oppressor, and elevated humanity. Auxiliary societies were formed in different localities of the free States, and a nucleus formed, around which the friends of freedom have rallied. Although mobocracy and various kinds of persecution met them on every hand, all who had counted the cost, and were in earnest, still pursued their way, trusting in the justice of the cause. My eldest brother, early in the conflict, publicly advocated the cause of his enslaved countrymen, and from my earliest days, until I left the States, I have attended the public meetings of the Abolitionists. I am grateful beyond expression for the many influences which led me to become familiar with the principles and mode of action destined to completely upset that vile system of American chattel slavery, which is, at the present time, demoralizing the various ramifications of the country. In 1857 I was urged by a few friends to speak in public. A defective educati[illegible], and a pro-slavery atmosphere, are not the best incentives for such a purpose. After much consideration, and encouraged by one of the noblest women of my native State, one who had made many sacrifices, and spent the best years of her life in publicly advocating the cause of the slave, I started on my first anti-slavery tour, in company with my brother, Charles L. Remond. We travelled in the State of New York. Upon the obstacles which met me about this determination, I do not think it necessary to dwell. I was quite determined to persevere. I was always kindly and warmly welcomed by the most earnest friends of the slave. From 1856 until one week of my sailing for England, December 28th, 1858, from time to time, I continued to speak in public. I had an intense desire to visit England, that I might for a time enjoy freedom, and hoped to serve the anti-slavery cause at the same time."

Mr. Hill adds to the above—"Miss Remond is now a student at the Ladies' College, in Bedford-square, London, availing herself with ardor of her long-sought opportunity for reaping the advantages of a liberal education."

We proceed with our report of the meeting.

At about eight o'clock, the time appointed for the lecture, Miss Remond came to the platform, accompanied by C. S. B. Busby, Esq., Revs. T. H. Walker, Francis Bishop, W. Fairbourne, and — Webb, Mr. W. E. Dutton, and other gentlemen, and was very warmly received by the meeting.

On the motion of Mr. Bishop, seconded by Mr. Fairbourne, Mr. BUSBY was called to the chair.

The Chairman said he was sorry that the Mayor, who was from home, should have been deprived of the pleasure of presiding over them that evening. In introducing Miss Remond to their notice, he might perhaps state the few facts he had gathered respecting her from a book called "Our Exemplars," edited by Mr. N. D. Hill, the excellent Recorder of Birmingham. Miss Remond was born of free parents in the State of Massachusetts, and had been early educated in one of their local schools. While she was there, however, a division took place in the school, and the colored children were drafted off to another establishment, in order that they might be separated from the white scholars. She was afterwards removed to Newport, in Rhode Island, and there a similar distinction existed. Early impressed with the great injustice offered in the United States to the colored population, she had devoted herself to the spread of anti-slavery opinions, and had come to England, not only to improve her education, but to evoke the sympathies of our countrymen on behalf of the struggle that was going forward for the abolition of slavery in the Southern States (hear, hear). The feeling against the people of color might be understood from the refusal of Mr. Dallas, the United States Minister in London, to grant Miss Remond a passport as an American citizen, when she wished to visit the continent; and from the fact of the captain of the Cunard steamer having refused to allow her sister to dine at the common table in her passage from New York. Our Foreign Secretary granted a passport to Miss Remond after Mr. Dallas's refusal, and thanks to public opinion in England, and to Lord Brougham's notice of the Cunard incident, a similar indignity was not offered to Miss Remond's sister on her return to New York (hear, hear). The subject of slavery was one on which opinion was now so unanimous in England, that many people might not appreciate the great and exciting contests which had taken place under Clarkson, Wilberforce, Fowell Buxton and Lord Brougham. Happily we had swept away this evil from our own colonies, but we must bear the responsibility of having introduced it into America when she was under our rule, and all the States had not the virtue or enlightenment to follow our example and cleanse away the stain. The evil effects of the system were not confined to places where slavery exists as an institution. In the free States of the Union, the colored population labored under disadvantages, which were worse than the distinctions of caste in India. They were scheduled off by themselves in most places of public resort. In churches, in theatres, at hotels, in railway cars, and on other occasions they were not allowed to mix with the white population, and were even denied entrance, however respectable in position, in education, or in wealth. They went about with the brand of an inferior race, whom their neighbors — sometimes scarcely whiter than themselves—were unwilling to meet on equal or scarcely on civil terms. But in the slave States the object appeared to be to destroy among them all the prerogatives of human intelligence, and to bebase them as nearly as possible to the dull level of the brute creation. Education was forbidden, as a crime, among them—the instincts of family affection were rendered almost impossible—for husband and wife, if such relations existed, parents and children, might be separated at any time, when the owners of the human stock thought fit to sell them in the market. The moral sense arising from the social relationships of life, from the earnings of labor, and the possession of property, was wholly lost. If they fled from the degradation they were liable to be hunted with dogs; if their owners became embarrassed they were sold by public auction. We read of their sufferings in the tales of Mrs. Stowe; and we noted them as unhappy facts in the Dred Scott decision, and in the case of the fugitive Anderson. It was lamentable to find the intelligence and capabilities which the Diety had given to human beings systematically trampled out by man—to find the hopes and consolations of reli[illegible] and the protection of civil laws, denied [illegible]ligion, and the protection beings. W[illegible] to a large class of our fellow [illegible] had now the curious phenomenon of despotic Russia emancipating her serfs, at a time when the Republican Southern States were shattering the Union in order to bind more firmly and enduringly the thraldom of their slaves. With them must rest the responsibility, and the issue of the struggle; but considering our former authority over the United States and our commercial connection with them still, it was only in performance of a duty that England held out her example, and the prestige of her opinion, to the people of America, urging them, in the name of religion, and even on the lower consideration of worldly interest, to cleanse their institutions from the danger and injustice, and their social morals from the curse and the infection of slavery (applause).

Miss Remond, on rising, was again loudly cheered. With great calmness and self-possession, and in a clear, musical voice, she proceeded with her lecture. Her appearance is pleasing, and the perfect mastery she shows of her subject, combined with the moral earnestness of her style and manner, is such as speedily to win the confidence and respect of her audience, and give added force to her well-sustained arguments, and a more touching persuasiveness to her warm appeals. Her lecture rivetted the attention of the meeting for nearly an hour and a half. We can only give a short and imperfect outline of her observations. It gave her pleasure to stand before an English audience as a representative of the four millions of chattel slaves in her native country. She knew that she should not ask in vain for their sympathy and attention, whilst she attempted to set forth the deep wrongs—the essential injustice—the innate sinfulness—and the calamitous consequences of slavery in America. She was there to plead the cause of humanity. She did not appear as the representative of any political party. She wished to identify herself with the moral suasion Abolitionists of America, at the head of whom stood such such men as William Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips, and who regarded the extinction of slavery as the great work and duty of the American nation, who could not and ought not to be subordinated to any political schemes or party movements whatsoever. There was an essential difference between the written Constitution of America and the unwritten Constitution of England. Here personal liberty was established. It was a glorious thing to be able to say:

> "Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs
> Receive our air, that moment they are free.
> They touch our country and their shackles fall.
> That's noble, and bespeaks a nation proud
> And jealous of the blessing. Spread it then,
> And let it circulate through every vein
> Of all your empire, that where Britain's power
> Is felt, mankind may feel her mercy too."

In America the system of chattel slavery was surrounded by all the sanctions of the Church and of the civil power. Four millions of human beings in the fifteen Southern States were made articles of property; and even in the free States let but one drop of African blood mingle in their veins, and all kinds of indignities and social disabilities were heaped upon them. Colored children, save in a few exceptional instances, were not allowed to attend the same schools with the white. They were a proscribed class, and were met at every turn by contumely and insult. The spirit of caste held its desolating rule. In public meetings of all kinds, in public conveyances, and in public hotels, it exerted its bad influence. No colored person would be admitted to the hotels in Philadelphia or in New York, and if they attempted to enter the omnibuses the conductors would hoot them away. These and many other disabilities she eloquently pointed out as the effect of the dark shadow projected on the free States by the slavery of the South. As a rule, she regretted to have to say that emigrants from Great Britain did not exercise the influence in America which freedom ought to have taught them. They were met in their adopted country by plausible sophistications, to which they often lent a willing ear, and they were in consequence found on the side of oppression and among the corrupters rather than the salt of the community, sustaining by their votes and political influence the gigantic iniquity of the nation. Miss Remond went on to describe the condition of the slaves, dwelling on the denial of all education to them, the refusal of all colored testimony against whites, the setting aside of the marriage tie, and the virtual repeal of all the laws of justice and morality. She produced a deep sensation by a well authenticated tragic narrative of a fugitive slave mother, named Margaret Garner, who, a few years ago, had escaped across the Ohio from Kentucky to the city of Cincinnati, and who, when her pursuers burst into the house where she had found shelter, plunged a knife into the heart of her youngest child, and was preparing to kill another a little older had not her hand been arrested, rather than let them be taken back into slavery. She knew what slavery was, especially to women, and sooner than her children should become its victims, her very love as a mother compelled her to take their life. Miss Remond read some passages from the slave code, to show with what relentless[illegible] slavery aimed to divest its victims of all human rights. In Richmond, a few years ago, a lady had been confined thirty days in prison as a felon, simply for attempting to teach even free colored children to read. All the institutions of the country had been corrupted. The religious bodies had not escaped. The Churches had been truly declared to be the bulwarks of slavery. In the South professing Christians possessed slaves; in the North they palliated and defended slavery. This was the rule—there were many individual exceptions. Pierce Butler, a name well known in this country as the husband of Mrs. Fanny Kemble Butler, had been a large slave-owner. He lived in the city of Philadelphia; his slave property was in the State of Georgia. He was a man of good religious standing in the city of brotherly love, and an influential member of the Episcopalian Church. About two years ago, owing to some embarrassments, his slaves, to the number of many hundreds, were sold by auction at Savannah. There were grey-headed old men and women—there were men and women in the prime of life—there were so-called husbands and wives—there were mothers and children placed on the auction stand in those sales, and many an agonizing scene of separation was enacted. Pierce Butler lost not, however, his standing in Philadelphia, either in the Church or in society; he was still prominent in the one and influential in the other. But when in the same city the Rev. Dr. Tyng raised his voice against the doings of the slave party in trying to force slavery by violent and lawless means upon the settlers in Kansas, he was driven from his pulpit and from the city as though he had committed some great crime. A defence of slavery would have added to his reputation, and he was a very popular clergyman up to the time in question. A rebuke of pro-slavery ruffianism deprived him of his pulpit. Other religious bodies were, as a whole, equally culpable. Miss Remond spoke at some length of the present crisis in America, and showed how slavery had brought it about. She described the successive compromises made with slavery, each adding to the difficulties of the country and increasing its embarrassments, whilst it made the slave party more exacting and rapacious. She trusted the present difficulties would not be patched up by some new compromise more disgraceful, if possible, than any that had preceded it. Slavery was the cancer which was eating into the vitals of the country, and only by rooting it out could the reign of peace and prosperity, truth, justice, and religion be secured. After some further deeply interesting remarks on the present condition and prospects of America in regard to the slave question, Miss Remond concluded by eloquently appealing for the sympathy and moral influence of England, in behalf of the four millions of men and women in bondage in her native land. Englishmen had sympathy, and they proclaimed it, for the Italians and for the Hungarians and for the Poles, and on every ground she confidently asked for the same manifest expression of interest and sympathy in behalf of the enslaved millions of America, and those who are laboring to strike from their limbs the bonds that enchained them. "I speak," she said, to use the words of Curran, "I speak in the spirit of British law, which makes liberty commensurate with and inseparable from British soil; which proclaims even to the stranger and the sojourner, the moment he steps his foot on British earth, that the ground on which he treads is holy and consecrated by the genius of universal emancipation. No matter in what language his doom may have been pronounced; no matter what complexion, incompatible with freedom, an Indian or an African sun may have burnt upon him; no matter in what disastrous battle his liberty may have been cloven down; no matter with what solemnities he may have been devoted upon the altar of slavery, the moment he touches the sacred soil of Britain, the altar and the god sink together in the dust; his soul walks abroad in her own majesty; and he stands redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled by the irresistible genius of universal emancipation." Miss Remond's elequent appeal was followed by great and general applause, and at many points of her lecture she was interrupted by the loud cheers of her audience.

Rev. Mr. FAIRBOURNE, in a few introductory remarks, proposed the following resolution:

"That this meeting being deeply convinced that slavery is a great violation of the laws of our nature—contrary to the dictates of humanity—essentially unjust, oppressive, and cruel—and diametrically opposed to the spirit of the Gospel of Christ; would hereby express its deepest sympathy with, and admiration for, those faithful and earnest men and women in the United States of America—so ably and worthily represented by Miss Remond—who are laboring, amid perils and persecutions, obloquy and misrepresentation, [illegible] put an end to the foul system of slavery which prevails in that land: and this meeting would further record its earnest hope and prayer, that the self-denying labors of these devoted friends of freedom may soon be crowned with complete success in the emancipation of the four millions of human beings who now groan in the house of bondage."

The Rev. FRANCIS BISHOP rose with great pleasure to second the resolution. There was great seemliness in its having been moved by a Wesleyan minister, for John Wesley had once declared that "American slavery is the vilest that ever saw the sun—it constitutes the sum of all villanies," and yet, at that time, there were only a few hundred thousand slaves in America, whilst now there were four millions. The touching and eloquent address of Miss Remond had reached all their hearts, and constrained them to pass some such resolution as the one proposed. The slaveholders were wise in their generation in systematically repressing, as far as they could, the higher faculties of their slaves. They knew that education was incompatible with chattelhood. A rich slaveholder of Charleston had once, in reply to his (Mr. B.'s) questions, contended that the law of South Carolina, which prevented him from having the children of his slaves taught to read, was a kind one to the slaves, for, said he, "to give them education would be like giving them a taste for opium, and then keeping the drug from them." That was a true answer from the slaveholder's point of view, and it reminded him of the lines—

> "Here's freedom to them that would read,
> Here's freedom to them that would write,
> There's none ever feared that the truth should be heard,
> But they whom the truth would indict."

In 13 out of the 15 slave States it was a crime to give the smallest amount of book education to the colored population, and what could they think of an institution that thus, under sanction of law, did its best to seal up the human mind, and made the first and holiest rights of humanity depend on the color of the skin? The incidents of American slavery were too dark to be described. Its very atrocity was, in one sense, its protection. He could corroborate from personal observation all that had been said of the demoralizing character of the institution, and he had witnessed scenes which it would be impossible for him to speak of there, though they were of common and daily occurrence. Many English travellers brought back imperfect and misleading accounts. It was because they never broke away from American guidance. A man might go through the slave States, and visit in the homes of slaveholders, and attend public slave auctions, and yet get only a one-sided view of the system. To know it as it is he must mingle with the slaves themselves, and gain their confidence, and must nerve himself to the repulsive task of mingling with the slave-dealers, and attending with them the semi-private slave examinations before the public auctions took place. This he had done, and such a detestation of the system had been burnt into his heart that he could only think of it with irrepressible feelings of amazement and indignation. Let them remember that among the four million of slaves there could be no such thing as permanent marriage, and they could see how the system ploughed up the most sacred affections of the human heart, and, as far as man's agency could do so, laid on the ruin the fabric of the soul. Mr. Bishop described some of the slave auctions he had witnessed, and, after bearing testimony to the great fidelity and noble self-sacrifice of the moral suasion Abolitionists, whom he declared to be the very life and soul of the anti-slavery cause in America, he concluded by seconding the resolution, which was carried unanimously, amid loud cheering.

Rev. Mr. WEBB proposed a vote of thanks to the Chairman.

Mr. WILLIAM DUTTON seconded the vote of thanks to the Chairman, who, he said, was always ready to promote any good and humane work. He also, in most energetic terms, expressed his fears that American slavery had so eaten into the moral sense of those implicated in it, and so corrupted the religion of the country, that the system would not be brought to an end without a crash and convulsion, which would tear down the pillars of the State, and produce scenes which it was fearful to contemplate. When he thought of the nature of American slavery and all its terrible consequences, he could not but exclaim, in the name of the slaves—"How long, how long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth?" (Cheers.)

The CHAIRMAN returned thanks, and said that it had been a real satisfaction to him to preside over a meeting held to promote so great and good a cause.

How many thousand stitches are there in a garment! Yet, when you look at it, you don't see one—all you see is the garment; but every one of them was necessary. So events are but separate stitches in the great garment which God is making; and though now all that we can do is [illegible] events as they transpire, yet, when it is done, we shall [illegible] observe the stitches, though they were all [illegible]—*W. Beecher.*

THE MARTYRS OF APRIL 19th, 1861.

[illegible]

"[illegible] blood has consecrated the pavements of Baltimore, and these stones are now the altars to [illegible] the [illegible]."—*Wendell Phillips*, April 21st, 1861.

It is the same old story;
The suffering Love wins!
"Without the shedding of blood
There is no remission of sins."

God! give us strength to bear it;
The cross precedes the crown;
The Martyr's work must be perform'd
Ere saints are fully grown.

This was the "Christian Mystery"
Disciples first were taught,
And Jewish sinners' safety
By innocent blood was bought.

And ever throughout the ages
"The Christ" is crucified,
"The elder serves the younger son,"
Freemen for slaves have died.

The blood of Massachusetts
Has never flowed in vain;
A freeman's altar springs above
Each grave of hero slain.

"How long, O Lord," shall bondage
Of human souls require
This fearful bloody sacrifice,
Such trial by the fire?

Must every sod be crimsoned,
And every stone be dyed,
Ere Liberty can truly reign,
Our land be purified?

If so, O God, prepare us,
The Crown of thorns put on;
Our resting place be Golgotha,
And let Thy will be done.

T. L. C.

VISIT TO GERRIT SMITH.

OSWEGO, N. Y., April 20, 1861.

MY DEAR FRIEND: I would covet the musician's art "to communicate feelings," if it would avail to describe the sweet cup of happiness just tasted in a visit at the home of that friend of mankind, Gerrit Smith.

It was one of the warm April days of last week that his carriage and pair awaited us at Canastota. An ascent of nine hundred feet is made on the nine miles route to Peterboro. As we rode up, the air became cooler and finer, and looking back at one point, we gained a wide prospect over one of the lakes that lend interest to the scenery of Central New York. With a niece of Washington Irving's to beguile the way with pleasant talk, we soon neared our destination. On the level way within sight of Peterboro, we perceived a small party on foot coming towards us. It proved to be Mr. Smith, his daughter and her husband. They welcomed us in the kindest manner. Soon we were set down at the door of the grand old mansion-house. There Mrs. Smith received us with a greeting so gracious and affectionate as to seem to me the very counterpart of that given to the bride of Quair:

> "She came; they kissed her in the hall;
> They kissed her on the winding stair;
> They led her to her chamber nigh,
> The fairest in the House of Quair."

Presently she came up with exquisite friendliness to take us down herself to the tea-table, where everything was very elegant and distinguished. And, to match the profusion, there was the benign host overflowing with universal good will, whether he talked or listened. Seldom are our ears blessed with such hearty expressions of respect and homage to the New England Abolitionists as they were in this scene of almost festive enchantment.

The evening hours flew swiftly by in song and chat in the delightful drawing-room. Mrs. Smith brought from the library her copy of Emerson's poems, to show how carefully she had preserved, over the poem of the name, the specimen of your New England Rhodora I had the pleasure to send her three years ago—the only flowers of that beautiful shrub Mrs. S. had ever seen.

At 9 o'clock, Mr. Smith repeated the 125th Psalm: "They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth forever. As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people from henceforth even forever. For the rod of the wicked shall not rest upon the lot of the righteous; lest the righteous put forth their hands unto iniquity. Do good, O Lord, unto those that be good, and to them that are upright in their hearts. As for such as turn aside unto their crooked ways, the Lord shall lead them forth with the workers of iniquity: but peace shall be upon Israel."

Then the following hymn, illustrating the spirit of Jesus, was sung with soul-subduing melody:

> "O, not to crush with abject fear
> The burdened soul of man
> Did Jesus on the earth appear,
> And open Heaven's high plan!
> He came to bid him find repose,
> And God his Father know,
> And thus with love to raise up those
> That once were bowed low.
>
> O, not in coldness nor in pride
> His holy path he trod,
> 'Twas his delight to turn aside,
> And win the lost to God;
> And unto sorrowing guilt disclose
> The fount whence peace should flow,
> And thus with love to raise up those
> That once were bowed low.
>
> O, not with cold, unfeeling eye,
> Did he the suffering view;
> Not on the other side pass by,
> And deem their tears untrue:
> 'Twas joy to him to heal their woes,
> And heaven's sweet refuge show;
> And thus with love to raise up those
> That once were bowed low."

Then, a tender, reverential prayer was offered, in tones that were like soft bass music. This worship, genuine and simple, seemed as natural as to breathe. At least, I felt infinite pleasure in it all, such harmony of the inward and outward being. It was a grateful and fitting rounding of the glad day.

Sunday morning, we all went to meeting in the plain little church built by Mr. Smith at a cost of $600. He gave a well-thoughted discourse on Miracles, taking the ground that miracles were never wrought in the sense of the laws of Nature being suspended. Very bold and courageous he was, and this new view will, as he said, make him more odious and unpopular than ever. It was inspiring to witness how *disinterested* his love of truth is. And he seems, from year to year, to ascend into higher regions of immortal thought. Once he remarked with emphasis, "My abolitionism has greatly helped my religion." During the discussion, one man said to Mr. Smith, "You would not think so much of Providence if you were a *poor man!*" Mr. Smith replied, he should think very meanly of himself, and be poor indeed, if his trust for consideration was laid on the wealth that perisheth with the using. The flash of conviction on my own mind was, that here was one heedful of the lesson taught by the little chambered Nautilus—

> "Build the more stately mansions, O my soul,
> As the swift seasons roll!
> Leave thy low-vaulted past!
> Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
> Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
> Till thou at length art free,
> Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!"

A lady on the Hudson had just written him a beautiful letter, how she had been taught by her father to regard him "as the greatest of good men, and the best of great men." And her grief and solicitude, on account of his departure from what she thought the true faith, were very affectionately and touchingly expressed. She begged him to remember, that only through Christ's righteousness could he be saved, and "without holiness no man can see the Lord." Miss P. observed, it was equally true that with holiness no one shall fail to see God. So, it seemed to me that Gerrit Smith was as sure of that great salvation as anybody. He has just let another stream of his bounty flow to gladden those poor fugitives that have been so frightened by the base Marshal of Illinois, who has just captured a family, and sent it back to slavery. And [illegible] hundreds have rushed into Canada with nothing but their lives and sacred liberty. So Mr. Smith thinks they must need corn for food and coarse clothing, and has sent on his check for $200 to a friend in Detroit, to be laid out for them in these articles. How noble and Christ-like it is in him to let his heart open so generously to every sufferer!

One day, in a long walk over the grounds, we visited the grapery. Planted without, too, are many vines. I asked if there was not a greater supply of fruit than was used at the house. "Not yet; the vines are growing, however, and another year it is our hope to begin to give a grand annual feast of grapes to the *poor*," was the characteristic reply of this liberal-hearted proprietor.

Have you ever read Zschokke's admirable story essay, "The Fool of the Nineteenth Century"? I am sure nowhere in this country can you find such a parallel to the good Baron as at Peterboro.

In the handsome library hang pictures of Mr. Charles Sumner, Beriah Green, John Anderson, W. L. Garrison, Wendell Phillips, John Brown, etc. "The noble army of martyrs"! as a friend exclaimed on looking up to them. Little branches of cedar are affectionately about that of John Brown, as if to keep green the memory of that brave and glorious man. Mr. Smith's talk of him, how he loved and honored him, was full of sweet pathos. You will rejoice to know that Mr. Smith is now in fine glowing health, stronger and better than he has known for years. His strict habit of temperance for thirty years [illegible] him in [illegible] clear the [illegible] Thus in this [illegible] Mr. Phillips [illegible] "the noblest man in the Empire State," is [illegible] spared to bless the land, we [illegible] many coming years. Apropos of temperance: At dinner, [illegible] day, when Mrs. [illegible] the flavor of the [illegible], Mrs. Smith remarked, "We use no wine in our cooking; the flavor is lemon and vanilla."

You can't think how much attached Mr. Smith is to quiet, retired Peterboro, named after his father, *Peter Smith*, who went there in 1791, purchasing a tract of some 40,000 acres of land from the Indians, who, in admiration of his executive and unflagging energy, gave him the Indian name signifying *Saw Mill*, always going. There, young Gerrit, from his tenth year, used to play with Indian boys and African slaves, early learning to practise his later theories of human brotherhood.

We were diverted one evening to hear Mr. Smith gayly remark, "There are three persons who like to live in Peterboro better than anywhere else, that is Col. Miller, myself, and little Harry Barclay who cries to come back" to Peterboro after going home to New York." Then, Col. Miller related the enthusiastic behavior of this lad Barclay, when he went to Barnum's Museum, in New York City, to see the turkey weighing 34 lbs. for President Lincoln's dinner, on his way to Washington. The card said this turkey was raised in Wampsville, Madison County. "Yes," said this boy, and he swung his hat, "you've got to go to Madison County for big turkeys, and everything else worth anything"!

All too soon came the inevitable hour of parting. The carriage stood at the door. The gathered household on the piazza, as Whittier sings,

> "The good, the beautiful, the brave,
> The heaven-lent treasures of the heart!"

waving us the kindest of farewells, was a picture we must ever recall with truest delight.

—*Liberator.* SALLIE HOLLEY.

THE TRUE STORY OF CAPTAIN KIDD.

IN 1695, Richard Coote, Earl of Bellamont, an Irish peer, who sat in the English House of Commons, was appointed Governor of New York and Massachusetts. He was a man of eminently fair character, upright, courageous and independent. Though a decided Whig, he had distinguished himself by bringing before the Parliament at Westminster some tyrannical acts done by Whigs at Dublin, and particularly the execution, if it is not rather to be called the murder, of Gafney. Before Bellamont sailed for America, William spoke strongly to him about the freebooting which was the disgrace of the Colonies. "I send you, my lord, to New York," he said, "because an honest and intrepid man is wanted to put these abuses down, and because I believe you to be such a man." Bellamont exerted himself to justify the high opinion which the king had formed of him. It was soon known at New York that the Governor who had just arrived from England was bent on the suppression of piracy, and some colonists, in whom he placed great confidence, suggested to him what they may perhaps have thought the best mode of attaining that object.

There was then in the settlement a veteran mariner named William Kidd. He had passed most of his life on the waves, had distinguished himself by his seamanship, had had opportunities of showing his valor in action with the French, and had retired on a competence. No man knew the eastern seas better. He was perfectly acquainted with all the haunts of the pirates who prowled between the Cape of Good Hope and the straits of Malacca; and he would undertake, if he were entrusted with a single ship of thirty or forty guns, to clear the Indian ocean of the whole race. The brigantines of the rovers were numerous, no doubt, but none of them were large; one man-of-war, which in the royal navy would hardly rank as a fourth rate, would easily deal with them all in succession, and the lawful spoils of the enemies of mankind would more than defray the charges of the expedition. Bellamont was charmed with this plan, and recommended it to the king. The king referred it to the admiralty. The admiralty raised difficulties, such as are perpetually raised by public boards when any deviation, whether for the better or for the worse, from the established course of proceeding is proposed. It then occurred to Bellamont that his favorite scheme might be carried into effect without any cost to the state. A few public spirited men might easily fit out a privateer which would soon make the Arabian Gulf and the Bay of Bengal secure highways for trade.

He wrote to his friends in England, imploring, remonstrating, complaining of their lamentable want of public spirit. Six thousand pounds would be enough. That sum would be repaid, and repaid with large interest, from the sale of prizes, and an inestimable benefit would be conferred on the kingdom and on the world. His urgency succeeded. Shrewsbury and Romney contributed. Oxford, though, as first lord of the admiralty, he had been unwilling to send Kidd to the Indian ocean with a king's ship, consented to subscribe a thousand pounds. Somers subscribed another thousand. A ship called the Adventure Galley, was equipped in the port of London, and Kidd took command. He carried with him, besides the ordinary letters of marque, a commission under the great seal, empowering him to seize pirates, and to take them to some place where they might be dealt with according to law. Whatever right the king might have to the goods found in the possession of these malefactors, he granted, by letters patent, to the persons who had been at the expense of fitting out the expedition, reserving to himself only one-tenth part of the gains of the adventure, which was to be paid into the treasury. With the claim of merchants to have back the property of which they had been robbed, his Majesty, of course, did not interfere. He granted away, and could grant away, no rights but his own.

The press for sailors to man the royal navy was at that time so hot that Kidd could not obtain his full complement of hands in the Thames. He crossed the Atlantic, visited New York, and there found volunteers in abundance. At length, in February, 1697, he sailed from the Hudson with a crew of more than a hundred and fifty men, and in July reached the coast of Madagascar.

It is possible that Kidd may at first have meant to act in accordance with his instructions. But on the subject of piracy he held the notions which were then common in the North American colonies, and most of his crew were of the same mind. He found himself in a sea which was constantly traversed by rich and defenceless merchant ships, and he had to determine whether he would plunder those ships or protect them. The gain which might be made by plundering them was immense, and might be snatched without the dangers of a battle or the delays of a trial. The rewards of protecting the lawful trade were likely to be comparatively small. Such as they were, they would be got only by first fighting with desperate ruffians who would rather be killed than taken, and by then instituting a proceeding and obtaining a judgment in a court of admiralty. The risk of being called to a severe reckoning might not naturally seem small to one who had seen many old buccaneers living in credit and comfort in New York and Boston.

Kidd soon threw off the character of a privateer and became a pirate. He established friendly communications and exchanged arms and ammunition with the most notorious of those rovers whom his commission authorised him to destroy, and made war on those peaceful traders whom he was sent to defend. He began by robbing Mussulmans, and speedily proceeded from Mussulmans to Armenians, and from Armenians to Portuguese. The Adventure Galley took such quantities of cotton and silk, sugar and coffee, cinnamon and pepper, that the very foremast men received from a hundred to two hundred pounds each, and that the captain's share of the spoil would have enabled him to live at home as an opulent gentleman. With the rapacity, Kidd had the cruelty of his odious calling. He burned houses, he massacred peasantry. His prisoners were tied up and beaten with naked cutlasses, in order to extort information about their concealed hoards. One of his crew, whom he had called a dog, was provoked into exclaiming, in an agony of remorse, "Yes, I am a dog, but it is you that have made me so." Kidd, in a fury, struck the man dead.

News then travelled very slowly from the eastern seas to England. But in August, 1698, it was known in England, that the Adventure Galley, from which so much had been hoped, was the terror of the merchants of Surat and of the villagers of the coast of Malabar. It was thought probable that Kidd would carry his booty to some colony. Orders were, therefore, sent from Whitehall to the Governors of the transmarine possessions of the crown, directing them to be on the watch for him. He, meanwhile, having burnt his ship and dismissed most of his men—who easily found berths in the sloops of other pirates—returned to New York with the means, as he flattered himself, of making his peace and of living in splendor. He had fabricated a long romance, to which Bellamont, naturally unwilling to believe that he had been duped, and had been the means of duping others, was at first disposed to listen with favor. But the truth soon came out. The Governor did his duty firmly, and Kidd was placed in close confinement till orders arrived from the admiralty that he should be sent to England.—*Macaulay.*

OH, woe for those who trample on a mind,
That deathless thing! They know not what they do,
Nor what they deal with! [illegible]
[illegible]

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[illegible] W. BARNES.